

THE LIVING AGE.

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242 WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.—AN ODE TO MEMORY.

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

Oh, the weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children,
Oh, the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more !
Ah ! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children ;
Ah ! the longing for the faces,—
Faces gone for evermore !
Peeping through the open door.

Strange it is to wake at midnight,
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking, by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning ;
And the gaiters—ah ! their patter,
We will hear it never more
On our mirth-forsaken floor.

What is home without the children ?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without its sunshine ;
Life is withered to the core !
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the lambs have "gone before"
With the Shepherd evermore !

Oh, the weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children,
Oh, the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more !
Ah ! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children ;
Ah ! the longing for the faces
Peeping through the open door—
Faces gone forevermore !

A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLE-
MAN."

"Some cotton has lately been imported into Far-
rington, where the mills have been closed for a con-
siderable time. The people who were previously in
the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton :
the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and
finally sung the Doxology over them."—*Spectator*
of May 14th.

"PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,"
Praise Him who sendeth joy and woe,
The Lord who takes—the Lord who gives,
Oh, praise him, all that dies and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand ;
But why, we cannot understand :
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,
And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystery of God and man ;
We women, when afflictions come,
We only suffer and are dumb,

And when, the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sunlike, through our sky,
We look up, and through black clouds riven,
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise ;
We have no deep philosophies :
Childlike we take both kiss and rod ;
For he who loveth knoweth God.

AN ODE TO MEMORY.

BY HENRY NEELE.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—JOB.

AND where is he ? not by her side
Whose every want he loved to tend ;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend ;
That form beloved he marks not more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see ;
The scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair—but where is he ?

Ah, no ! the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favorite hill ;
The pleasures that were dear to him
Are dear to life and nature still ;
But, ah ! his home is not as fair ;
Neglected must his garden be ;
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, "Where is he !"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall ;
But where is now the proud display ?
His riches, honors, pleasures, all
Desire could frame ; but where are they ?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong—oh, where is he !

The churchyard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair.
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And Death displays his banner there ;
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been, no more shall be ;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
Oh, where are they, and where is he !

From The Spectator.

JOHN CLARE.

THE *Quarterly Review*, while still fresh from the stupid and cruel intellectual onslaught, which is said to have hastened the death of Keats, published an article in the number for May, 1820, on "The Poems of John Clare, a Northamptonshire peasant," which reads like an attempt to atone for that offence, by the generous and even lavish appreciation which it bestowed on a young poet of real, though infinitely fainter, genius, but also of far lower station, and apparently far more dependent on the kindly appreciation of the world. Neither the unkindness nor the kindness of the *Quarterly* was destined to have a fortunate issue. The former wounded a sensitive nature to the quick, which the writer could not have wished, while it probably raised the fame of the poetry, which the critic could not understand, and injured that of the critic,—a result he can be still less supposed to have desired; the latter answered its kindly purpose better at first, for it brought a sudden gust of popularity to the author; but it issued in a result still sadder,—broken ambition and disordered reason, a manhood of deepening gloom, as the visions of youth sank slowly into melancholy distance, and a "dreary gift of years" that only terminated on the 20th May in the wards of an asylum for the insane.

John Clare was born on the 13th July, 1793, at Helpstone, where the border of Northamptonshire touches the fens of Lincolnshire. He was the son of Parker Clare, an agricultural laborer, one of "the toiling millions of men sunk in labor and pain," who earned his ten shillings a week, in prosperous times, but who, when rheumatism had made him a cripple, long before young Clare grew up, was receiving five shillings a week from the parish, to eke out the scanty wages of his weakly son. John Clare was the elder and the smaller of twins, but yet the only survivor,—the sister, who died immediately after her birth, being, according to the testimony of the mother, Ann Clare, "a bouncing girl, while John might have gone into a pint pot." John had very early a thirst for knowledge, and delicate as he was, before his father broke down, used to earn by the labor of eight weeks enough to pay for a month's rude schooling. As soon

as he could lead the fore-horse of the harvest team, he was set to work, and the *Quarterly* reviewer tells us, on knowledge derived from his mother, that while thus occupied he had the misfortune to see the loader fall from the wagon and break his neck, which threw him into a fit, from the liability to which he did not recover till after a considerable lapse of time, and which, even in 1820, was liable to return. No doubt this planted the seeds of that madness which the abrupt changes of his future fortunes, the fitful petting, and neglect of high society, and, still more, pecuniary care, developed. He used to tell of the horror which his imagination caused him in the dark winter walks home from Maxey, a neighboring village, where he was sent to buy flour for the family. His mother's ghost stories would all recur to his mind, and to drive them out, he formed the habit of walking with his eyes fixed immovably on the ground, versifying to himself some adventure "without a ghost in it," an intellectual effort which so effectually exorcised the goblins that he often reached home before he was himself aware of his approach. The preface to his first volume, written for him by some more practised hand, tells us that his first passion for poetry was excited by a glimpse of Thomson's "Seasons," which a fellow-laborer showed him in a field. He was so much delighted that he never rested till he had earned a shilling to buy himself a copy, and then set off on his errand to Stamford for that purpose, so early that he reached the town before any shop was open. He brooded over Thomson till his own thoughts took a similar shape; and his father and mother, who always feared for his mind, admitted that "the gear was not mended" in their estimation, when they discovered his habit of writing, and of writing, moreover, in verse. "When he was fourteen or fifteen," says Dame Clare (we quote the *Quarterly* reviewer), "he would show me a piece of paper, printed sometimes on one side and scrawled all over on the other, and he would say, 'Mother, this is worth so much;' and I used to say to him, 'Ay, boy, it looks as if it warr!' but I thought it was wasting his time,"—a view which, according to the preface to one of his volumes, the old woman illustrated practically by going to the hole where he kept his verses, when she wanted paper to light the fire.

When his father broke down, it was a hard toil to him to supply his place, with the feeble frame which nature had given him. All his poems betray a profound sensitiveness, not only to the beauty of nature, but to the physical pain of the drudgery he had to endure, and which he seems to have endured with a good courage, if not quite without repining. This was one of his complaints:—

“Toiling in the naked fields
Where no bush a shelter yields,
Needy Labor dithering stands,
Beats and blows his numbing hands,
And upon the crumping snows
Stamps in vain to warm his toes.”

A delicate poetic organization earning a maximum wage of nine shillings a week, on condition of going honestly through all the exposure and toil of the coarsest labor, must indeed have had much to suffer, and felt a passionate desire to escape, as from a life of slavery. At length, in 1818, when he was already twenty-five years old, and in great poverty, he determined to make an effort for a hearing. A printer at Market Deeping introduced him to a bookseller in Stamford, who thought well of his poems, gave him a few pounds at once, and promised more if they should succeed. Messrs. Taylor (of the firm of Taylor and Hessey), of Fleet Street, took them from the Stamford publisher, and in 1820 they appeared and were almost immediately made famous by the favor of the *Quarterly Review*.

There is reality, the sincerest love of nature, the minutest observation of nature, in the first of Clare's volumes, which, under the favorable notice of the *Quarterly Review*, speedily reached a fourth edition, but there is far less of the real breath of poetry than in what he afterwards wrote in dejection, and even in the intervals of madness. It is difficult to account for the enthusiasm of the *Quarterly* reviewer on any but the expiatory theory. “Some of his ballad stanzas rival the native simplicity of Tickle or Mallett,” says the reviewer, quoting not unpleasant stanzas, which may, perhaps, deserve that not very impressive praise, but which, certainly, could never take hold of any one's imagination, while some of Clare's later efforts do, we think, approach, though only approach, in depth of pathos to the heart-breaking, but most musical, wail of Cowper's lines on the “Castaway.”

The world, however, was not more fastidious than the *Quarterly* reviewer, and was delighted with the promise of a new pet. It was a danger not entirely unforeseen by Clare's kind friend in the *Quarterly*. The article ends with saying, “We counsel, we entreat him, to continue something of his present occupations; to attach himself to a few, in the sincerity of whose friendship he can confide, and to suffer no temptations of the idle and the dissolute to seduce him from the quiet scenes of his youth—scenes so congenial to his taste—to the hollow and heartless society of cities; to the haunts of men who would court and flatter him while his name was new, and who, when they had contributed to distract his attention and impair his health, would cast him off unceremoniously to seek some other novelty.” The danger was indeed only too great. Clare was sent for to London, and became the darling and lion of a season or two, and for a time a favored contributor to keepsakes, annuals, and literature of that sort. But his was not a head to gain by experience of this kind; for his simple, daisy-like poetry was always born of solitude and fresh air, and he tells us in one of the best of his early couplets, that even in the country he loved most to walk and brood at dawn,—

“Ere smoking chimneys sicken the young light,
And Feeling's fairy visions fade away.”

And clearly he did not gain as a poet by his short-lived social success. The volume he published in 1827, called the “Shepherd's Calendar,” seems to us much inferior to either his earlier or his later verses, and apparently it had little popularity. Indeed, his popularity, never grounded on anything that had much real root in the public estimation, had now greatly declined. No doubt, neglect and this comparative literary failure did much to depress him in health and spirits. He speaks of imperfect health in his preface, and mentions it again with a more melancholy air in the few lines of preface to the last volume he published in 1835,—and not without reason. In 1837, his mind gave way, and he was placed under the care of a physician at Epping Forest, with whom he continued, with intervals of improvement, for many years. In 1841, an appeal was issued, on his behalf, stating that anxiety for his wife and family chiefly retarded his re-

covery; that £393 had been raised for him, and invested in 1820, which produced, however, less than £14 a year; that the Marquis of Exeter and Earl Spencer allowed him £25 a year more between them, and that if £20 a year more could be raised, his mind might be sufficiently at ease to give his health a fair chance. How the appeal was responded to we do not know;—he never joined his family, and resided for many years before his death, with wandering mind, but quite harmless, and able often both to read and write, in the Northampton County Lunatic Asylum, where he died last week.

The best lines Clare ever wrote were written during the dejection which preceded and followed the partial alienation of his reason. In his earlier poems there is simplicity, deep love of nature, but a want of pervading unity of either thought or feeling. There is a tendency to vagrancy of mind, to almost child-like cataloguing of natural objects and impressions, which makes his poetry scrappy,—often, too, a fault of Cowper's, whose verses his sometimes resemble. Indeed, he says of himself with touching simplicity in the volume of 1835:—

"I dwell on trifles like a child,
I feel as ill becomes a man,
And yet my thoughts, like weedlings wild,
Grow up and blossom where they can."

But when he was sinking into dejection, the key-note of melancholy which runs through his lines alone suffices to give them a certain unity of feeling, and to impress a definite aspect on the natural scenes he still loves to depict, more touching and specific than if you could see a sun setting in soft glooms behind them. Thus he sings of "poet" (evidently himself) in his last issued volume:—

"He feeds on Spring's precarious boon,
A being of her race,
Where light and shade and shower and sun
Are ever changing place.

"To-day he buds and glows to meet
To-morrow's promised shower,
Then, crushed by Care's intruding feet,
He fades, a broken flower."

And probably the verses he wrote at intervals after his loss of reason are more expressive of the poet's own nature than anything he had yet published. One who visited him a few months since, and who found him deep

in a volume taken from the library of the asylum, has placed at our disposal verses of no ordinary pathos, though broken by incoherencies corresponding probably to the chasms in the poor poet's own thought:—

"I AM.

"I am, yet what I am none cares or knows;
My friends forsake me like a memory lost;
I am the self-consumer of my woes;
They rise and vanish in oblivious host,
Like shades in Love's and Death's oblivion
tossed,
And yet I am, and live with shadows lost.

"Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
But the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems,
And e'en the dearest whom I loved the best
Are strange, nay, far more strangers than the rest.

"I long for scenes where man has never trod,
A place where woman never smiled or wept,
There to abide with my Creator God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
Untroubling and untroubled where I lie,
The grass below,—above, the vaulted sky."

It is a sad picture this of the rescue of a poet's nature from mere mechanic toil and drudgery only at the cost of his understanding and judgment,—though it may be that the fanning of that vital spark of his nature which made him a poet could not but have involved, in this life, the withdrawal for a time of that never large stock of vitality which he threw into the more common duties and relations of life. When the vital powers are small the concentration of them at the true focus of the nature not unfrequently involves their failure in the outlying faculties. This was what Wordsworth feared when he drew with so much power the panic of his own soul in contemplating the possible future:—

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and
madness."

That was the fate of Clare. During his long insanity, from the age of forty-four to his death at seventy, he probably realized far more keenly the strength and weakness of a merely receptive nature than at any period of his life. The lines we have just quoted express the shrinking anguish of a spirit which is acted upon by the life around him,

but cannot react upon it, with an exquisite intensity. Everything was strange to him *not* because it was new, but because there can be no familiarity, no warmth of feeling, without reciprocal influence, and he felt that he could not return to the world around him any part of the influence it exerted over him. So he attempted it less and less, and that distortion of imagination and of intellectual conception which follows a real abdication of all natural influence over the world, not less surely though more indirectly than an original twist in the faculties which report to us what goes on outside us, followed. He was even more unfitted to bear solicitude than neglect; and his physician thought that the solicitude had more to do with his insan-

ity. We can well believe it. His poems show a very simple, if any, kind of vanity; but the evidence of a nature apt to brood, and to brood over trivial themes till it almost lost the power to act, is very great.

Few souls seem to us to need more distinctly something of a *new creation* than delicately receptive natures like Coleridge's, and, in a much lower sphere, Clare's, which have half merged their voluntary in their receptive life. It is a relief to think of him as he loved to think of himself, asleep "with God," and breathing in, during that slumber of an eternal childhood, some fresh supply of a spiritual fire of which in this world he had enough for *either* poetry or life, but not enough for both.

It is said that a species of Toncan lives upon the fruit which produces strychnia; but an equally strange announcement has just been made by Dr. Fraser, with regard to one of the Lepidoptera. It has been found by this well-known Scotch physician, that the larva of a species of moth lives upon the Calabar bean, a drug now much in vogue among ophthalmic surgeons, and whose action on the eye causes rapid diminution in the size of the pupil.

EARL RUSSELL's first wife, the Countess of Ribblesdale, was a widow, and a lady of ample proportions; hence his lordship was called by the wits the widow's mite. "Oh," exclaimed a lady to whom this witticism was related at a dinner-party, "I now see how it came to pass that his lordship was cast into the treasury."—*Bristol Mercury*.

AMONG the collections of curious things at Windsor, there has lately been found a map of the world, by Leonardo da Vinci. It is said to be the earliest known map that has on it the word America.

"FORTY YEARS in America" is the title of a new London book, by Thomas Low Nichols, of

which the *Saturday Review* says, "No book we have ever read gave us anything like so clear and vivid an idea of American life."

A SKULL, claimed to be that of Confucius, was an object of special attraction in the Chinese Court of the Great Exhibition in London. It was lined with pure gold, and placed on a triangular golden stand, and the cover, also of gold, was richly ornamented with precious stones. It was lately sold at auction for £327.

THE London Religious Tract Society appropriated the last year the sum of £9,000 for the circulation of tracts in France.

A NEW "Life of Michael Angelo," by M. Grimm, son of the German philologist, has lately been published in Berlin.

THE Bentleys will soon publish "Anecdotal Memoir of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin," in two volumes, by W. I. Fitzpatrick, Esq.

From The Spectator, 2 July.

ENGLAND AND DENMARK.

"COUNCILS of War never fight," and the Council of Friday, though it called itself a Cabinet meeting, proved no exception to the maxim. The bolder members of the government were overruled, and by Saturday it was known that the administration had reconsidered its half-formed resolve, that the preparations commenced were useless, and that the Cabinet which had retreated from its own ground when Holstein was "executed," when Schleswig was "occupied," when Jutland was taken in pledge, and when all up to the Schlei had been surrendered, was about to retreat once more. Few, however, expected that the retreat would be justified by such reasons as those produced; that a premier, whose hold upon the country is his reputation for pluck, would confess that he thought it dangerous to risk war without an ally; that a foreign secretary who had hardihood enough "to command the Channel fleet," would hesitate to defend European order, because there might be an "interruption in our relations with the United States." The scene which awaited the ministers as they entered the Houses might have roused the blood and fired the heart of the most apathetic orator. The Commons were thronging on the benches like bees; dozens of men were standing unable to find seats; the galleries were bursting with tenants, who overflowed into the lobbies, the passages, the staircases, everywhere, where they might hope to catch a rumor of the drift of the "explanation." Throughout the assemblage of men, each one of whom possessed himself some appreciable fraction of power, there was that hush of suspense, that compressed thrill of excitement, which is seen only when great audiences have caught the meaning of a great situation, or know that a great event is at hand. Before such a House so roused, had Lord Palmerston to acknowledge and to accept a humiliating failure, to confess that he had menaced without meaning action, to explain with masterly lucidity how deeply Denmark had been wronged, how defiantly Germany had broken every pledge, and how absolutely "might had," in his own words, "overcome right," and then to show, less lucidly indeed, but with painful clearness, how easily the government had pardoned the wrong-doing, how carelessly it had condoned the perjury, how submissively

it intended to crouch before the menace of superior might. "We believed," he said, and as he said it he seemed for half a moment not humiliated,—“we believed that, from the commencement to the end of these last events, Denmark had been ill-used [cheers]; that might had overridden right [renewed cheering]; and we knew, also, that the sympathies of almost the whole of the British nation were on her side [continued cheering].” And therefore, “we do not think it consistent with our duty to recommend Parliament and the country to make those great exertions, and to undergo those great sacrifices, which would have been the necessary consequence of entering into a conflict with the whole of Germany.” Denmark was originally in the wrong; France declined interference; Russia would not move; the weight of a war would fall upon this country alone, and it was his duty to advise the country and his sovereign to shrink from that great risk. As if this were not sufficient for humiliation, the old premier, burning with inward rage at his position, broke into what we believe to have been either a fierce taunt at his own colleagues, or a hidden promise to the Prince of Wales, but what sounded like a fiftieth menace of future action. If, he said, with a bravado which, after such a speech, and while revealing such a policy, was almost ludicrous,—if “we had reason to expect to see at Copenhagen the horrors of a town taken by assault . . . the capture of the sovereign as prisoner of war, the position of this country might be a subject for reconsideration.” He would not war for a country or for honor; but if a city were threatened—he would not fight for the independence of a free nationality; but if a German prince were prisoner—! then, indeed, the Cabinet might rise to the height of its position in Europe, and gravely and solemnly “reconsider” whether, when all was lost, it might not be expedient to do grand battle for nothing at all! The house, quiescent as it was, and disposed to accept its humiliation with patience, could endure no more, and a storm of ironical cries almost daunted the premier, and relieved the pent-up feeling of rage, annoyance, or regret.

There has been no such exhibition of a great man made in our time, and in the Lords, matters were little better. Earl Russell, indeed, amidst an audience almost as

numerous and excited, was more clear and consistent in his statement; but it was because he was not afraid to produce reasons for abstinence, such as are rarely heard from the lips of statesmen who have wielded the power of Great Britain abroad. He supported peace because he was afraid of war. Besides all the arguments offered by Lord Palmerston, he adverted to the extreme difficulty of the undertaking, the impossibility, as he assumed, of protecting Denmark by the fleet alone; feared "we should suffer, perhaps, considerably if our commercial marine was exposed to depredations such as might take place in the event of our being at war with Germany;" dreaded lest our relations with the United States, with its "great army" and "formidable" navy, might suffer interruption; hesitated to risk "the great commerce which has grown up in China;" considered our "immense possessions in India;" mentioned the surplus; and, in short, expressed his belief that we were so great, so successful, and so rich, that we were comparatively powerless in the world. We could not operate in the North without an ally, and Russia would not move, while France would demand compensations which, said Earl Russell, with an odd reminiscence of the time when England had influence on the Continent, "might disturb the balance of power,"—that European law which he refuses to prevent Germany from violating. As to the South, he held that it was the duty of this country to behave better than Austria and Prussia, not to light up a flame which might extend over the whole of Europe, but to endeavor to confine the war within the narrowest limits. He, like Lord Palmerston, ended with a menace; but he kept its conditions in reserve, did not state that if Copenhagen were bombarded, the government might consider the possibility of further remonstrance, and with the Prince of Wales opposite him, avoided the insult to Denmark of imagining her king a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

The ministerial explanation must have been a melancholy one, even to those who held that it was no part of the duty of England to maintain the right of the smaller nationalities to exist. Even they must have perceived that the government had threatened without intention and agitated without purpose, had given to Denmark encouragement

which they afterward refused to justify, and could not restrain themselves even when accepting the policy of peace at any price from uttering menaces as disturbing and as feeble as those which had already proved delusive. To those who, like ourselves, believed it the duty of England to resist further aggression upon a free but powerless State, who held that in counselling sessions she had pledged herself to assist if those sessions were made, who considered that in proposing the line of the Schlei Earl Russell had reached the utmost limit of honorable conciliation, the explanation was one of unmixed pain. Not one of the reasons alleged appear to us to absolve this country from the duty of maintaining her position as protectress of the weak, not one alleviates the loss of influence which must be consequent on the backwardness of her rulers. Earl Russell's argument is, when stripped of conventional verbiage, that the task is too great for us; that without allies, and with America changed into a sixth great power, our duty was one too hazardous to perform. We do not believe one word of it. Austria could and would have been detached from an alliance which, while exposing her to the danger of final dissolution, brings her no certainty save that victory will make her hereditary rival irresistible, and, for North Germany, England is, single-handed, a fair match. If not, if we are not able to protect the existence of an allied nation because threatened by thirty millions of Germans, or Russians, or Frenchmen, our history as a great power has ended, and this country is enduring taxation high as that of a first-class nation in order to be as powerless as the little States she in vain strives to protect. And if that be the case,—if it is really true that French coldness and American growth paralyze our energies,—how defend the explicit statement that should Denmark, now weak, be made totally helpless, this government might then, too late, advance to her aid? Lord Palmerston's argument in addition to all that, the insignificance of the territory to be fought for, seems to us simply a quibble. The point was not whether thirty miles of territory between the Schlei and Flensburg should be surrendered,—that might not be worth a European war, though we should think very differently if the thirty miles were in Canada, or India,—but whether when Denmark had surrendered

every territory fairly in dispute, had given up Holstein and sold Lauenburg, and sacrificed the purely German section of Schleswig, she should by violence be compelled to cede further territory partly inhabited by our own people, and by yielding her frontier, constitute herself forever an appanage of her invader. The point was not this marsh or that port, this petty town or that great village, but the substitution of force for European law. It was, moreover, a question whether England, having, in defiance of her own treaty, induced Denmark to yield all this, was not bound to see that the child who gave so much to her persuasion was not deprived of more without her own consent, and this was never met. To say that Denmark was originally in the wrong is beside the question, for we had guaranteed her repentance; to say that she rejected the last compromise is an insult, for Germany rejected it at the same moment, and her acceptance

would have been null. The truth is that all these arguments are but excuses used to conceal the fact that the Cabinet, well aware that "Denmark from beginning to end had been wronged," that "might had overridden right," feared the risk and the responsibility of arresting the wrong-doer, counted its enemies instead of defending its convictions, and postponed the honor to the comfort of England. That policy may, it is possible, receive the resentful adhesion of the governing class, anxious always for influence, yet delighted to avert the income-tax; but their secret instinct will tell them more loudly than we can hope to do that future danger has been purchased at the price of present dishonor. Often within our history has the fame of England declined till her allies despised her promises and Europe laughed at her threats, and in every instance she has righted herself by an exertion greater than that from which she had shrunk.

ANECDOTES OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—With the future Emperor of France, when an exile in England, I had been well acquainted. He had been a constant subscriber to Her Majesty's Theatre, was a frequent guest at my house, and had "assisted" at the afternoon *fetes* given by me at my residence, "The Chancellor's," at Fulham, where he had entered heart and soul into the amusements of the hour. Frequenters of these "*champetres*" entertainments may remember one occasion when Prince Louis Napoleon figured in the same quadrille with Taglioni, Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi, having the director of Her Majesty's Theatre as his *vis à vis*. The prince and I frequently dined in company at Gore House, the residence of the late Countess of Blessington, where all that was distinguished in literature and art was constantly assembled; it may be worth recording, in connection with the prince's known firm reliance on his destiny, that at one of the dinners, when Count D'Orsay was expatiating on the evidences that had come before him of the popularity of the prince in France (although, at that time, the law forbidding any of the Bonaparte family to enter the country was still in force), the future emperor sat silent

with a significant smile upon his face, the meaning of which none could fail to interpret. On another occasion, when I was alluding to the part played by General Cavaignac in June, 1848, in firing upon the people after the *emeute* had been quelled, the prince dryly, but in an earnest manner, remarked, "That man is clearing the way for me."—*Mr. Lumley's Reminiscences of the Opera.*

MM. Vitray and Desmarts have arrived at the conclusion that the vegetable parasites of plants may attack man, and hence they suppose that the *oidium* which has committed such havoc upon the vine has been the cause of many of the forms of zymotic diseases which have appeared since it first presented itself. It may be objected that the two plants *O. idium Tuckeri* [that of the vine] and *O. albicans* are two distinct species; but it must be remembered that they are of the same family and genus, and that they both develop a contagious disease which is frequently epidemic.

From The Spectator, 2 July.

THE ENGLISH TREATMENT OF DENMARK.

Now that we have apparently made up our minds to the desertion of Denmark, and that the Liberals appear to be intending to compete with the Tories in the emphasis of their congratulations on that resolve, it becomes a duty, though very far from an agreeable one, briefly to review our relation to that unhappy little State from the beginning of the quarrel. The ministers tell us, with some reiteration, and with no doubt verbal truth, that they have never given Denmark any substantial ground to expect material help,—and that, therefore, while Denmark is not the worse off for England's policy, she has been so much the better off for England's counsel, so far at least as that counsel has been wholesome; and further, they point out that England has incurred no obligation to interfere on her behalf which France and Russia did not also incur, and that her resolute neutrality ought not therefore to have led to more disappointment or more miscalculation than that of the other great powers. Let us examine, then, impartially the truth of these allegations. Let us see whether England has given Denmark no more reason to hope for her help than the other great neutral powers; and whether it is true or otherwise that, had England pursued the same cold and apathetic policy which has characterized the diplomacy of France and Russia on the subject, Denmark would have been in no better position than at present, or whether she may not have been even the worse for Lord Russell's weighty but not very successful advice.

And first, we imagine, there is no doubt about the *fact* that Denmark has looked all along with far more hope to the chance of English intervention than to that of either Russia or France. Nor do we expect any reasonable person to say that the selection of England as her protector was fanciful or capricious. First, England was the prime mover in the treaty of 1852, and had been the prime mover ever since in the attempt to mediate between Denmark and Germany. Was Prince Gortschakoff or M. Drouyn de Lhuys ever heard to say publicly, as Lord Palmerston said last July, that if Denmark were invaded by Germany, she would assuredly “not stand alone”? When the crisis came, which of the great powers moved first in the effort to rally the others to her aid? Undoubtedly

England. When Holstein was threatened, which of the great powers went so far as to say to Germany, as Lord Russell said in November last, that “should Federal troops enter Holstein on purely Federal grounds, Her Majesty's Government would not interfere; but should it appear that Federal troops entered the duchy on international grounds, Her Majesty's Government may be obliged to interfere”? Was the ambassador of either France or Russia authorized to declare to Denmark, as Sir A. Paget was authorized to declare in December last, that “if an attack upon Schleswig was made, the other powers could then interfere on ground which was incontestably beyond the limits of the confederation”? or did any other power hold out so distinct an inducement to Denmark to abandon Holstein as the significant hint of the same diplomatist, that “Denmark would at all events have a better chance of securing the assistance of the powers alluded to, by retiring beyond the limits of the confederation, than if she provoked a war by resisting what might be considered the legitimate authority of the Diet on Federal territory”? When England, acting thus officiously, and as the leader of all the neutral powers, had effected her purpose of getting Denmark to repeal the obnoxious patent of March, 1863, and also to withdraw her troops peacefully from Holstein, and when the German powers, so far from being satisfied, offered the cynical and eccentric justification of further violence “that they could not well enter Holstein except to invade Schleswig,” was there any other great power which held out such pressing inducements to Denmark to take steps for the repeal of the Schleswig Constitution as England? France, no doubt, and Russia, following in England's wake, repeated tamely the representations which England dictated; but when the Danish minister asked what use there would be in further concessions to powers so aggressive, no minister but the English minister replied in exhortations couched in so peculiar a tone of significance as the following of our envoy's at Copenhagen: “I asked him to reflect what would be the position of Denmark if the advice of the [neutral] powers were refused, and what it would be if accepted; and to *draw his own conclusions*.” Was there any other great power which said explicitly as late as the 14th of January anything equivalent to what Lord Russell said to the Prussian

ambassador, that he "*could not doubt* that he [the King of Denmark] would be assisted by powers friendly to Denmark in its [Schleswig's] defence"? Was there any other government which in pressing on Denmark the course she finally adopted as to the Schleswig constitution said, like Lord Wodehouse, that, "If the Danish Government rejected my advice, Her Majesty's government must leave Denmark to encounter Germany on her own responsibility"?—a statement which surely implied a well-founded hope that if the Danish Government accepted that advice it might not be left to encounter Germany on its own responsibility.

We admit that the deeper became the peril and the sufferings of Denmark, the more wary became the tone of Her Majesty's representatives. Lord Russell, in urging the Conference on Denmark, expressly said that if he could offer material aid, he might then demand her acceptance of this Conference as a condition of that aid, but that he was not in a position to do so. At the same time he hinted clearly enough that Denmark would be most imprudent in offending England by declining her advice. And, then again, at the Conference, the external though not the internal history of which is now before us, it is clear that the hope of that aid led Denmark into concession after concession. It induced her first to raise the blockade at sea as a condition of the suspension of hostilities,—a most unfair condition, for which she received no proper equivalent at all, and which, as Lord Clarendon pointed out, was not made a condition of the meeting of the Congress of Paris in 1856. It induced her, again, when it became clear that the German powers had been guilty of sheer treachery in declaring that they did not contemplate the dismemberment of Denmark, to offer a really great territorial sacrifice for the sake of gaining peace,—a sacrifice conceded, as Lord Russell himself admits, on the strength of his own personal promise that he would not advocate without Denmark's full consent any more disadvantageous territorial frontier than that which he proposed in the name of the neutral powers, and which Denmark accepted,—the line of the Schlei. Now can any one pretend that when Lord Russell gave this promise, to which he publicly confesses,—and which we grieve to say he broke flagrantly in the spirit, if not in the letter,

—the Danish plenipotentiaries had not a right to feel that England stood in a special relation to them not held by the other neutral powers? England, in Lord Russell's person, had in fact agreed to press them no further without their own consent,—had tacitly admitted, that is, that they had gone as far as a sincere friend would counsel them to go, and that they had done so in some sort of special reliance on the English minister's judgment and counsel. The other powers, says Lord Russell, recommended the same concession. No doubt. But did the other powers promise the Danish minister's—or even stand in the relation in which such a promise could have been asked,—not to propose any further concession without their own consent? Although we do not know how Denmark was induced to consent to abandon all Holstein, a great slice of Schleswig, and all Lauenburg (which had never been in dispute) in exchange for the middle part of Schleswig, there can be no manner of doubt that it was done in the legitimate hope of securing material aid if that great concession should be rejected by the Germans,—and that England was uppermost, and rightly uppermost, in the Danish plenipotentiaries' thoughts as having tacitly admitted that they had gone as far as they could fairly be expected to go for the sake of peace. The concession was rejected, and then Lord Russell, breaking the spirit of his promise, without the consent of Denmark suggested that a friendly power should be asked to choose a line between the two frontiers proposed respectively by Germany and Denmark, and therefore, of course, a line less advantageous to Denmark than the Schlei. And then, because the Danes would not hear of it, though it was also rejected—as usual in much more diplomatic and evasive terms, but quite as substantially—by the Germans, Lord Russell made their refusal to a proposition which he had in spirit engaged not to propose the excuse for denying them that final aid which he knew they would expect, and which he evidently felt grave compunctions in withholding. Now we say this is a history of very special encouragement to Denmark,—a history of encouragement of a kind which no other great neutral power has given, or even half given. We have repeatedly spoken of our armed interference as a very probable contingency; we have used

that probable contingency as a motive to bring Denmark to reason time after time; we have, through our foreign minister, intimated tacitly but clearly that Denmark had conceded as much as in the interests of peace she could be expected to concede,—and then we have coldly abandoned her.

And now as to the other question: is Denmark *practically* no worse off than she would be if we had never interfered at all, or is she even the better by the exact amount of our reiterated but rather unsuccessful advice? No thinking man can doubt for a moment that she is worse off. It is now morally certain she will lose Jutland, probable that she will lose the islands. Had she never felt a hope of our interference,—had she been buoyed up by no dream of a great power in reserve, there can be no doubt that after the first disastrous campaign, she would have yielded to *force majeure*, and saved Jutland at least, by abandoning the rest. If the pressure of English counsel has squeezed out concession after concession, it was the secret hope of English aid that kept up the buoyancy of resistance. No greater injury can be done to a weak State than to hold out, however vaguely, hopes of assistance until the ambitions and powers of her antagonists are fully roused. To counsel, as we did, *piecemeal concessions* instead of to counsel her frankly to make the best terms she could with the enemy, since she had nothing to hope from us, was virtually to abandon her in the most fatal way possible. We have coaxed her back step by step towards the edge of the precipice, half intending ourselves, wholly persuading her to expect, our own final interposition. Now that she is on the very edge, we coldly conclude our prudential calculation, find that it will risk more than we like, and so withdraw with a polite and even compassionate bow, as she falls over the brink of the abyss into which Germany is pushing her. Lord Russell even takes the pains to remark that Prussia and Austria still *profess* not to intend the final push, but that they have told so many

skilful lies, and surrounded them with such an air of hypocritical candor, that he for his part expects the final push; and the words are hardly out of his mouth before the order is published for the permanent occupation of the purely Danish province of Jutland, and the appropriation of its revenues to the wants of the occupying army.

We have made it clear, then,—painfully clear,—that we have led Denmark to build on our help, as no other great neutral power has done; that we have used the hope of ultimate help to extort from her piecemeal concessions inadequate to satisfy her enemies, adequate only to lay obligations upon us; that we have virtually admitted that these concessions have been pushed to the furthest reasonable point; that, had we not interfered at all, Denmark could not well now be in nearly so hopeless a condition as she is; and that, in spite of all this, we have had the effrontery to wonder how she could put forward any special claim on us, to which France and Russia are not equally liable. To us, we confess, this appears to be conduct which *ought* to sap our moral influence abroad and make our friendship worthless. That England will fulfil her former contracts is still unquestionable. But that she will deliberately inspire hopes which she does not care to satisfy,—that she will betray by ambiguous encouragement, and then set off her own interests against the ruin of her dependant,—that she will exact a compliance with her advice, up to the very brink of ruin, as the price of *possible* help, and then, without even a promise of that help, reproach her victim with want of trust for not complying with her last and hardest recommendation, and intimate that all claim on her is forfeited,—that she will do this, and not even feel it shameful, is now, we fear, beyond question; and who can say that this is not conduct which must abridge even our material power, curtail largely our international influence, and dishonor our English name?

RELIEVED.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

General Alexander Hayes, commanding the Second Brigade of Getty's Division, was killed. He was hard pressed, and sent word to Hancock that he must have reinforcements. "Tell him," said Hancock, "to hold his ground twenty minutes and he shall be relieved;" but before twenty minutes expired, his body was brought in.—"*Carleton*," in *Boston Journal*, May 5th.

ABOVE, a sea of smoky, dun-colored clouds; below,

A thousand upturned faces, fiery and dark, of the foe;

A leaden rain of bullets descending, and here and there

A shell, like a shrieking demon, hot-hissing through the air;

A flash of sabres incessant—shaming the murky sun;

A lull in the dreadful pageant—one hero's work is done!

Bear him away, O soldiers, O gallant and weeping men!

He never will lead you to battle, nor straighten your ranks again.

But, oh! did you hear him imploring that single, desperate boon?—

"Relief! relief! God send that it reach us, and reach us soon!"

Ay, sooner than he had hoped for! sooner, and not the same,

The succor he asked! Men call it by another and darker name.

But above, in the many mansions, where God and the angels dwell,

Far over the shock of cannon, the tumult of shot and shell,

That desperate cry found hearing, and the bright hosts held their breath,

While silently passed from out them the angel whom we call *Death*!

And tenderly as a mother folds her first-born to her breast

And rocks him into his slumbers, so passed he to his rest.

"Relieved!" No strong battalions, no ranks of armed men

Hot-hurrying to the rescue with fiery zeal; what then?

"And thinkest thou not," said Jesus, "I could pray to my Father in heaven,

And presently he would send me twelve legions of angels even?"

And thinkest thou then, O doubter, this cry of a human soul

Was lost to the infinite Father, missing its human goal?

O ear of the highest! bending wherever thy heroes call

For succor, divine or human, thy mercy is over all!

For some the answering legions; for others a harder fate:

To stand in their lot, and having done all, to stand and wait.

Yet truly it little matters; no choice a brave heart knows

But this: "Or living or dying, my face to my country's foes!"

—*Anti-Slavery Standard*.

THE CROSS.

BY E. FORTON.

HOLY Father, thou this day
Dost a cross upon me lay.

If I tremble as I lift,

First, and feel thine awful gift,

Let me tremble not for pain,

But lest I should loose the gain

Which thereby my soul should bless,

Through my own unworthiness.

Let me, drawing deeper breath,

Stand more firmly, lest beneath

Thy load I sink, and slavishly

In the dust it crusheth me.

Bearing this, so may I strength

Gather to receive at length

In turn eternal glory's great

And far more exceeding weight.

No, I am not crushed. I stand.

But again thy helping hand

Reach to me, my pitying Sire;

I would bear my burden higher,

Bear it up so near to thee,

That thou shouldst bear it still with me.

He, upon whose careless head

Never any load is laid,

With an earthward eye doth oft

Stoop and lounge too slothfully;

Burdened heads are held aloft

With a nobler dignity.

By thine own strong arm still led,

Let me never backward tread,

Panic-driven in base retreat,

The path the Master's steadfast feet

Unswervingly, if bleeding, trod

Unto victory and God.

The standard-bearer doth not wince,

Who bears the ensigns of his prince,

Through triumphs, in his galled palm,

Or turn aside to look for balm!

Nay; for the glory thrice outweighs

The petty price of pains he pays!

Till the appointed time is past

Let me clasp thy token fast,

Ere I lay me down to rest,

Late or early, be impressed

So its stamp upon my soul

That, while all the ages roll,

Questionless, it may be known

The Shepherd marked me for his own;

Because I wear the crimson brand

Of all the flock washed by his hand—

For my passing pain or loss

Signed with the eternal cross.

—*Continental*.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MR. SLOWCOME GOES TO SILLMOUTH, AND TAKES
NOTHING BY HIS MOTION.

DR. LINDISFARN and Mr. Sligo gained nothing by their excursion to Chewton. Their researches were equally fruitless on the special objects of both gentlemen. The evident priority which the doctor gave to his archaeological investigations was a matter of the most intense astonishment, and almost, one may say, of scandal, to Mr. Sligo. That an elderly gentleman in the possession of his senses, so nearly interested as Dr. Lindisfarn was in the result of the examinations which he (Mr. Sligo) was there for the purpose of making, should utterly fail to take any rational interest in the matter, manifestly in consequence of his being wholly absorbed by his anxiety to discover the meaning of certain syllables which in all probability had no meaning at all, and at all events, none that could be supposed to affect the title of any human being to any amount of property real or personal, was a phenomenon so new, so wholly unaccountable to Mr. Sligo, and so distasteful to him, that it made him cross with the doctor. He began to think that the admission that the old canon was in the perfect possession of his senses was an assumption not warranted by the facts in evidence. The doctor, on his part, was revolted by his companion's evident want of interest in the whole question of the mysterious inscription, and the cursory and impatient attention which was all that he could induce him to accord to it. He looked at the wooden panel in question, tapped it with his knuckles, stared, at the doctor's request, at the inscribed letters, and declared that, as far as he could see, there never had been any others; at all events, his eyes could see no traces of any such.

"And now, Mr. Mallory," he said to the old clerk, who, having accompanied the two gentlemen to the church, had been standing by, impassible and grave as a judge, while this examination was in progress,—"and now, Mr. Mallory, if Dr. Lindisfarn is satisfied that there is nothing more to be discovered here, we will, with your leave, return to your house, and resume the subject on which we were speaking."

"As Dr. Lindisfarn pleases," said the old clerk, gravely; "but he, as it is reasonable to suppose, knew the late Mr. Mellish as

well as I did, and in any case I have nothing more to tell about him."

"You admit that the church registers were at one period kept at your house?"

"I have told you that such was the case, since you expressed curiosity upon the subject. There was no question of *admitting* one way or the other in the matter, Mr. Sligo. I have nothing to admit or deny on the subject. The books were at one time kept at my house,—not because it was my house, but because it was the clergyman's lodging. I had nothing to do with the bringing of them there, or with the taking of them back again to the church. The responsibility for the custody of them lay with the parson, and not with the clerk, as you no doubt are well aware, Mr. Sligo."

"Well, well, never mind whether it is admitting or stating; you say that the registers were subsequently taken back to the church?"

"You speak of registers, sir; but I have no recollection of having seen more than one book, and that not a very big one. During the latter years of Mr. Mellish's life, that book used to be kept in the vestry."

"And was always at hand there, I suppose, when needed?"

"I suppose so, sir; but it was often for months at a time together that it was never needed. We don't bury, marry, or christen every day out on the moor here, as you people do in the towns!"

"When was the last time that you have any recollection of having yourself seen the book, Mr. Mallory?" asked Sligo. "How long before the death of Mr. Mellish, now, had you a death, or a burial,—or a christening?"

"I could not at all undertake to say when I saw the book last. Old Farmer Boulthby, of the Black Tor Farm, out towards the coast, was, I think, the last parishioner buried by Mr. Mellish, a month or so maybe before his own death. Whether his burial was registered or not, I can't say; nor whether it was done at the time of the ceremony or not. Very often the curate would put the entries into the register afterward." Further cross-questioning of the old man only obtained from him that he "could not say how long afterwards—at any convenient time—he did not mean by that to say when the curate was sober, though it might be that sometimes he was not altogether so at the time of the performance of the function."

In short, all that Mr. Mallory *could* recollect were circumstances tending to show that the whole ecclesiastical administration of the parish was in the greatest possible disorder in every respect in the old times when Mr. Mellish was curate, near ten years ago; and he could *not* recollect any single fact which could help to fix the existence of the missing register at any ascertained date or place. He could remember, however, perfectly well that when Mr. Partloe, who succeeded Mr. Mellish in the curacy, came, there was no book to be found, and Mr. Partloe had procured a new one. Mr. Partloe was a very different sort of gentleman from Mr. Mellish,—very particular, and very regular. The new book was always kept in the vestry, was there now. They were still without any proper chest at Chewton; but the new register was, from the time of Mr. Partloe's coming, always kept in a little cupboard in the vestry, which he had caused to be put up at his own expense. Mr. Partloe had been curate only four years. The register-book had been kept with the most perfect regularity all that time; as it had indeed by the present curate, Mr. Bellings, who had succeeded Mr. Partloe. Mr. Bellings was not at home, having ridden over that morning to Silverton. Dr. Lindisfarn and Mr. Sligo must have met him, had they not come by the other road, which alone was passable for wheels. But it would be easy to obtain an opportunity of examining the new register, which had been kept from the time of the death of Mr. Mellish. Very easy, no doubt; and altogether useless as regarded the business in hand.

What search had been made for the missing register by Mr. Partloe when he came there after Mellish's death, Mr. Mallory could not say, but felt certain that Mr. Partloe must have exhausted every means for finding it, as he was such a very particular gentleman.

Had the old book never been needed in all these ten years? Mr. Sligo asked; had nobody in all that time required to refer to it for the establishment of any of the facts of which it constituted the sole legal record? No, nobody. When folk were dead out in the moor there, nobody wanted to ask any more about them. When folk were married, they got their marriage lines, and that was all that was needed.

"And your daughter's marriage lines, Mr.

Mallory,—of course she had them?" asked Sligo, suddenly.

"No doubt she had them, Mr. Sligo. Of my own personal knowledge I can affirm nothing about it. The whole subject of the marriage was a very painful one to me. I would have prevented it if I could have done so, without the risk of greater evil to my unfortunate child."

"Unfortunate, Mr. Mallory?" cried Sligo. "Well, I don't know what you may call fortunate, but"—

"My daughter was induced to make a marriage, Mr. Sligo, to which her position in life did not entitle her; which she was compelled to keep secret for many long and painful years, while calumny and scandal were at work with her name; which took her husband from her within a few months of their union; which has ended in leaving her a widow,—a widow widowed in such a fearful manner, and compelled by duty to her child to assert its rights with hostility against a family for whom I have the greatest respect, and with a result that is lamented by and is unwelcome to the whole country-side. You must excuse me, Mr. Sligo," said the old man, who had been speaking under the influence of his feelings in a somewhat higher strain than that of his usual talk,—“you must excuse me if I cannot consider the marriage a fortunate one in any respect; and I feel confident that Dr. Lindisfarn will enter into my sentiments on the subject.”

"I am sure, Mallory, your feelings are all that they ought to be on the subject. It is an unhappy business. If my poor boy were living, it might have been different. As it is—you see—ha—hum—I wonder, Mallory, whether poor Mellish could have thrown any light on that singular inscription in the vestry corridor?"

"Not he, sir. It is little he thought of such matters," said the old man, glancing at Mr. Sligo as he spoke.

"When was the last whitewashing done, Mallory?" asked the doctor, meditatively.

"When Mr. Partloe first came here, sir. He was a great man for whitewash, Mr. Partloe was, sir, a tidy sort of a gentleman, who liked to have things clean and neat. He had all the passage leading to the vestry and the vestry itself new whitewashed."

"It is very unfortunate," sighed the doctor.

"Very," re-echoed Mr. Sligo, who had been mentally reviewing the total failure of his attempts to learn anything of the history of the missing register.

"Very unfortunate, gentlemen!" coincided old Jared Mallory, with a placid drawing down of the corners of his mouth, and softly rubbing his palms and fingers together with the action of a man washing his hands with very smooth and easily lathering soap.

And so it came to pass that the senior canon and the junior partner in the legal firm drove back again to Silverton, having accomplished nothing of any sort by their journey.

"I am afraid the document will have to be admitted as good evidence, as it stands," said Sligo, alluding to the extract from the register in the hands of the Sillmouth attorney.

"Yes, indeed! but as evidence of what?" returned the doctor. "Any interpretation that can be put upon it must be entirely conjectural. And I confess I am at loss too flatter even a conjecture."

"It is legal evidence of the marriage, that is all," said Sligo, shrugging his shoulders.

"Oh, ah, yes—I see!" said the doctor.

"No go!" said Sligo, as he entered Mr. Slowcome's room at the office, on his return to Silverton; "nothing to be done. That old man, the clerk, mute as a stockfish and sly as a fox. Nothing to be made of him. But I observed one thing, sir."

"What was that, Mr. Sligo? Come, take a chair and let us go into the matter comfortably."

"No, thank you," said Sligo, who had acquired a horror of getting himself seated at the writing-table in his partner's room, and considered the proposal that he should sit down there much as a sparrow might have regarded an invitation to hold out his tail for salt to be put upon it,—"no, I won't sit down, thank you. I must be off. But I am going to mention that I noticed that there was nothing to be seen at Chewton of the old man's daughter, or the child. So I just said, 'Is your daughter with you, Mr. Mallory? I should be happy to have an opportunity to pay my respects to Mrs. Lindisfarn;' Mrs. Lindisfarn, I said, you know, just so. 'Mrs. Lindisfarn is not at Chewton,' said he, as stiff and grim as an old woman in a witness-box, when she don't mean to tell you any-

thing; 'she is at Sillmouth with her brother.' Well now, that set me thinking, Mr. Slowcome."

"Indeed; and what did you think, Mr. Sligo?" replied the senior partner, with much interest.

"Well, nothing for certain,—only a guess; maybe nothing in it. 'What have this woman and her child been sent to Sillmouth for?' said I to myself. Jared Mallory is a bachelor, and a loose one, and a poor one. The woman's home is and has been in her father's house—a very good house it is—at Chewton. What is the nature and character of women, especially of that sort of women that get led away by such chaps as this Julian Lindisfarn seems to have been? And this led me to guess—a mere random guess, you see, Mr. Slowcome—that it is not unlikely, if there has been any got-up fraud in this matter, that they may think it best to keep the woman out of the way, under the care of that precious scamp Mr. Jared, junior. Twig, eh, sir?"

Mr. Slowcome took an enormous pinch of snuff very slowly and deliberately; and having thus stimulated his brain, and carefully brushed away every scattering atom of the dust from his shirt-frill and waistcoat with dainty care, answered Mr. Sligo's rapid and elliptical exposition of his ideas.

"I think I gather your meaning, Sligo; you consider it probable,—or at least possible, for I am quite aware that you put forward this theory as mere possibility,—you think it possible that the young woman may have been removed and placed in her brother's charge, from fear that she might be disinclined, or only partially inclined, or weakly inclined, to engage in the fraud, and might perhaps, if judiciously handled, be induced to make a clean breast of it, and tell the truth."

"Precisely so, sir. That is what came into my head. Think there is anything in it, sir, eh?"

"I am not at all prepared to say there may not be. It is a very shrewd idea, Mr. Sligo, and well worth acting on. It would be very desirable that you should endeavor to see this young woman."

"Job for the head of the firm, sir," said Mr. Sligo, shaking his head. "You must see her yourself, sir."

"Why should I do it better than you,

Sligo? I am sure you have always shown yourself"—

"Very good of you to say so, Mr. Slowcome; but in this case—beautiful woman—don't you see? Two sorts of 'em! If she is of the sort to prefer doing business in such a case with the junior partner, you understand, Mr. Slowcome, why then she is not of the sort that we shall get the truth of this business from. If there is to be any hope of that, she must be of the sort that would prefer to speak with you on the matter. Twig, sir, eh? Fatherly dodge—daughters of your own. Your entire turn-out, sir, worth anything for such a business! See it in that light, sir? You'll excuse me!" and Mr. Sligo winked a running commentary as he delivered himself of these suggestions, which greatly added to their suasive force.

"I think I catch your idea, Mr. Sligo," said Mr. Slowcome, in a dignified manner; "and upon the whole I am disposed to think that you may be right. I dare say you *are* right. I will try to see the young woman myself. I do not, I confess, much like the idea of being seen knocking at the door of Mr. Jared Mallory, junior. Nevertheless, in our good client's interest, I will undertake the job."

Mr. Slowcome did undertake the job the next day, driving, or rather being driven, over to Sillmouth in his well-known carriage, with the large, sleek, well-conditioned powerful roadster, driven by the Arcady Lodge hobbledehoy in livery, for the purpose. Of course, every man, woman, and child in Sillmouth—or at least all those who were in or looking out into the street, which comprised the major part of the population—became aware of the advent of the great Silverton lawyer; and when the handsome carriage and the big horse and the hobbledehoy in livery drew up at Mr. Jared Mallory's door, that gentleman was standing at it to receive them.

"Mr. Slowcome, upon my word! quite an unexpected honor, I am sure. Will you walk in, sir?"

So the head of the respectable Silverton firm had to walk into the disreputable looking little den, which his professional brother of Sillmouth dignified by the name of his office.

"Touching the business of the Lindisfarn succession?" said Mr. Mallory, when they

were seated in the dirty little bare room, with the air of a man who had affairs of various kinds pending, to which the visit of the Silverton man of business might perchance have had reference.

"Yes, Mr. Mallory, touching the business of the Lindisfarn succession," said Slowcome, and there stopped short, like a man in the habit of feeling his way with those he spoke to as cautiously as a skilful pugilist makes his play before his adversary. But he was not likely to get anything by any such tactics from the man against whom he was now pitted.

"I shall be most happy, Mr. Slowcome, to give my best attention to any overture you may be desirous of making," said Mallory, sitting on the corner of the plain deal table in his office, and swinging one long leg to and fro in a devil-may-care sort of manner, which especially scandalized the sense of propriety and irritated the nervous system of old Slow, who was seated in the one arm-chair the mean little place contained.

"Overture, Mr. Mallory?" said he, thus driven; "I have no overture to make. It is not a case for anything of the sort. In a matter of this kind, Mr. Mallory, where it will become necessary for an excellent and highly respected family to—to open its arms, as I may say, to a new member, to one whom none of them have ever before seen, of whom they have known nothing, you must feel that it is very natural that interviews should be desired. My present mission here is, therefore, to see Mrs. Lindisfarn, and"—

"Oh, I see! respectable family opens its arms by power of attorney. Family solicitor—Mr. Jared Mallory—honor to inform Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo that that cock positively declines to fight!"

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Mallory?" said Mr. Slowcome, staring at him in unfeigned amazement.

"It is no go, Slowcome!" returned the other, closing his left eye, as he nodded at his visitor knowingly; "not a chance of the shadow of the tithe of a go. Why what *do* you take me for, Mr. Slowcome, to imagine that I should allow you to tamper, sir, with my witnesses in that manner?"

"Tamper, Mr. Mallory? Take care, sir, tamper!"

"I will take care, Mr. Slowcome, devilish good care. As for the expression—withdraw

it with all my heart, if it riles you—parliamentary sense— But Mrs. Lindisfarn is not visible this morning, Mr. Slowcome. No, not so much as the tip of her nose!"

So Mr. Slowcome's fatherly bearing, his unblemished character and white waistcoat to match, his shirt and gold buckles, and his pigtail were all unavailing, and he had to pack all these properties into the carriage with the stout cob and the hobbledehoy for driver, to be driven back again to Silverton, having taken absolutely nothing by his expedition.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER AT HER SPELLS.

As Lady Farnleigh and Mr. Mat were riding up from the lodge gates, they met Mr. Merriton riding down the hill from the house.

"How do, Merriton; sorry to have been out when you called. Found the ladies, I suppose, more to the purpose, eh?" said Mr. Mat.

"Thank you. Lady Farnleigh, happy to see your ladyship back in Silleshire again—good-morning," said Mr. Merriton, rather shortly, and rode on.

"Better fellow that than I thought him when he first came here!" said Mr. Mat.

"Oh, I rather like Mr. Merriton. I quite think that he and that quaint little sister of his have been acquisitions to us," said Lady Farnleigh.

"Do you remember that day at the Friary, when little Dinah Wilkins all but fell over the face of the Nosey Stone?"

"To be suré I do! I shall not forget it in a hurry."

"Well, Merriton behaved well that day—very differently from some others that were there. Yes, I like Merriton. Seemed to be out of sorts just now, I thought."

"In a hurry to get home, perhaps."

Lady Farnleigh and her squire had ridden from Silverton up to the Chase in less than an hour, and they found Miss Immy and Miss Margaret still sitting in the dining-room at the luncheon-table. Kate, as had been so often latterly the case, was not there.

Lady Farnleigh declared that her ride had made her hungry; and Mr. Mat so far derogated from his ordinary habits as to sit down at the table, and draw a plate toward him in rather an apologetical sort of manner.

"So you have had Mr. Merriton here?

Did you give him some luncheon, Miss Immy?" said Lady Farnleigh.

"He did not come into the dining-room, Lady Farnleigh. I asked him; but he refused," said Miss Immy, feeling that she had been rather injured by the rejection of that middle-of-the-day hospitality, which she regarded as more especially and exclusively her own affair.

"I don't know what you have been doing or saying to him," said Mr. Mat; "but as we met him going down to the lodge, he seemed quite out of sorts. Have you been unkind to him, Miss Margaret?"

"Really I know nothing about it, Mr. Mat," said Margaret, tossing her head. "Mr. Merriton's visit was not to me, nor to Miss Immy, indeed, as far as that goes. His business here, whatever it may have been, seemed to be of a very exclusive nature. And if you want to know anything about it, you had better ask Kate. I have no doubt she will tell you, and explain why Mr. Merriton was out of sorts—if he were so."

All this was spoken with a peculiar sort of sourness, and with sundry tosses of the head, the observation of which caused Lady Farnleigh to bring her luncheon to a rather abrupt conclusion, and leave the room, saying, "Where is Kate? In her own room, I suppose, according to her new bad habit. I shall go and look for her. I want to speak to her."

Lady Farnleigh did find Kate in her own room; but, contrary to her usual habit, she was locked in. The door resisted Lady Farnleigh's quick, impatient, push preceded by no knock.

"It is I, Kate. Open the door, darling, I want to tell you all about my expedition to Silverton."

Kate came to the door at once, and Lady Farnleigh saw at a glance, when she opened it, that her pet and favorite had been crying.

"What is it, my darling?" she said, coming in, and at the same time rebolting the door behind her—"what is it, my Kate? All alone! and tears, tears, tears,—you who used to be all smiles and laughter from one week's end to another. My child, this will not do. Has anything vexed you this morning, dear? What is this about Mr. Merriton? We met him, Mr. Mat and I, as we came up the drive from the lodge; and he

seemed to be very unwilling to give us a word more than a passing greeting. And when Mr. Mat remarked down-stairs that he seemed to have been all out of sorts, Margaret tossed her head, and said, in her sharp, disagreeable way, that Mr. Merriton's visit had not been to her, and that you could doubtless explain all about his being out of humor."

"It is true, godmamma! He came here to me," said Kate, hanging her head in a very penitential sort of attitude. "He would not be shown into the drawing-room, but asked to see me; waited in the hall till I came down,—for I was up here at the time,—and then asked if he might go with me into the library."

"So, so, that speaks plainly enough for itself, my dear," said Lady Farnleigh, drawing a chair close to Kate's, and making the latter sit down by her, and taking her hand between both her own caressingly; "I quite understand all about Mr. Merriton's visit to the Chase now, my dear; so I will not ask what it was he said to you in the library; but what was it you said to him?"

"Indeed, godmamma," said Kate, looking up sadly enough into Lady Farnleigh's face, but striving to force a feeble smile athwart the remnant of her tears, "it would not be at all fair to Mr. Merriton to tell the story so shortly. He spoke to me in the kindest and most delicate manner. You know how shy he is! He seemed hardly able to speak at all at first; and I was quite unable to give him the least bit of help. But when he had once begun, he got on better, and I assure you I was quite touched by his kindness."

"Well, dear! And I suppose his kindness consisted in throwing himself and his hand and his heart and everything else that is his at your feet," said Lady Farnleigh, willing to get a smile of the old arch and gay sort from Kate by any means; but the strings of the finely-tempered instrument were unstrung, and could not give back to the touch their old music.

"That was the upshot of it, I believe, godmamma. But he did it with such good feeling and delicacy. He spoke of the change that had occurred to us,—my sister and me,—apologized for venturing to do so on the score of its inevitably becoming the gossip of the place, and confessed that that circumstance had given him courage to do so at once, what he had hitherto not dared to do.

But he said it so well, far better than I can repeat it. He never supposed for an instant, he said, that such considerations could make any difference in my decision on such a point; but my family might consider that under the present circumstances he was not making a proposal which could be blamed on the same grounds, at least, as it might have been had he made it previously."

"All spoken very much like a gentleman, as Mr. Merriton unquestionably is. And what did my little goddaughter say in return for so many pretty speeches?" said Lady Farnleigh.

"Oh! I told him, godmamma, you know, that it was out of the question. I spoke as civilly—indeed, as kindly as I could."

"You say 'you know, godmamma!' just as if I knew all the secrets of that little hide-and-seek heart of yours, my Katie. I thought I did once. But there is something there now that godmamma, fairy she be, knows nothing about. How should I know that it was out of the question? Mr. Merriton is a gentleman, and I believe a very worthy man, and certainly he is what is called a very good match, especially so under our present circumstances. And I suppose, too, that he wanted to have it explained to him a little, why it was perfectly out of the question? Did you say nothing on that head?"

"What could I say, godmamma, but that, though I esteemed him much, I did not feel toward him as I must feel toward the person I could accept as a husband? That was in truth all there was to be said about it. Was it not, godmamma?"

"I suppose so, Katie dear. And you probably had the less difficulty in saying it that you had already been called upon to say the same thing once before to another aspirant?"

"Godmamma!" cried Kate, with a great gasp, while the tell-tale blood rushed with tumultuous force over her neck and shoulders and forehead and cheeks, to leave them in the next moment ghastly white, and she began to shake all over like an aspen-leaf.

Lady Farnleigh almost repented of the success of her stratagem, when she saw the excess and genuineness of the distress she had caused her favorite. Nevertheless, having gone so far, she would not abstain from pushing her test-operation to its extent.

"Forgive me, darling!" she continued; "I would not pain you needlessly for the

world, Kate; you know I would not. But it did not seem to distress you to speak of this other rejection. What difference could there have been in the two cases?—unless, indeed, that Merriton could not have imagined that he was rejected on prudential considerations.”

“But he did not think that!” sobbed Kate, with difficulty forcing out the words between the hard and quick-drawn breathings that were alternately extending and contracting their coral-pink delicately-cut nostrils.

“That is what I say, my dear,” returned Lady Farnleigh, wilfully mistaking her meaning, with cruel kindness, “I say he could not have imagined that.”

“I mean,” cried Kate, almost driven to bay by the extremity of her distress, “I mean that he did not imagine that—the other.”

“Oh, Ellingham! No, it is not in him to harbor such a thought of a girl he loved. But it was not so self-evident as in the latter case. I suppose the answer you gave, dear, was much about the same in either instance?”

“Godmamma!” exclaimed the poor girl, in the tone of a prisoner crying for mercy from under the cords of the rack. “You said,” she added, after a short pause, “that that subject should not be spoken of between us again.”

“At all events, Kate, you must admit that it is impossible for me to avoid seeing that there is a remarkable divergence in your mode of feeling and speaking of the two events. The account you give me of them is much about the same of one as of the other in all material points. But yet they appear to affect you very differently. As to Ellingham, I should not have mentioned the matter again, were it not that I had to tell you that I must return to Wanstrow to-morrow morning the first thing after breakfast, because I am expecting him there. He is going to pay me a visit.”

Kate kept her face resolutely bent downwards, so that it was impossible for Lady Farnleigh to see the expression of it; but she could see that her announcement was making her granddaughter tremble in every limb.

“I thought it best to mention it to you, darling, that you might not be exposed to meet him unexpectedly. You must prepare

yourself to do so; for of course it can hardly be but that he will come over to the Chase.”

“I do not think that he will come here, godmamma,” said Kate, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

“It may be so, my Katie. Nevertheless, my own impression is that he *will* come here,—it is my very strong impression that he will come. It is best, therefore, that you should be prepared to meet him, little one,” said Lady Farnleigh.

“I should be glad to be spared doing so just yet, if it were possible,” she said, huskily, for the words seemed to stick in her parched throat; “could I not remain up in my own room here, godmamma?”

“My child, you cannot live shut up in this room. You must learn to meet him. And besides—what would you do, Kate, if he were specially to ask to see you?”

“Oh, godmamma! It is quite out of the question that he should do that,—quite!” said Kate, in somewhat stronger tones.

“I do not think so, my dear. On the contrary, I think it extremely probable that he will want to speak to you!”

“I cannot fancy that he would do such a thing, godmamma. You do not know—What makes you think that he is likely to do so?”

“Simply my knowledge of his character, my dear. I have known Walter Ellingham all his life. I love him nearly if not quite as well as I do you, my pet; and if I am not mistaken in him, he *will* come here, and will want to speak to you; so you had better, as far as may be, make up your mind as to what you will say to him in return.”

“But what can he want to say to me, godmamma?” said Kate, while her cheeks tingled, and she drooped her face yet more upon her bosom; for the slightest shadow of a shade of disingenuousness was new and painful to her, and the truth was, that Kate knew very well what it was that her godmother supposed Walter Ellingham might have to say to her.

“My notion is, my dear, that he will want to ask you yet once again, before giving up all hope, whether you will be his wife. My notion is, that he is coming to me at Wanstrow for that express purpose and no other! Therefore, I say again, my Katie, that it would be well that you should be in some

degree prepared as to the answer you will give him."

"How would it be possible for me to give him any other answer than I gave him before? How would it be possible, godmamma?"

"My dear, how can I answer such a question, when I do not know what the answer was, nor what your motive for giving it to him was? It very often is possible for a young lady to change her mind, and give an answer to such a question different from her first one."

"But even if it were possible that I should change my mind,—even if it were possible that I should wish to give a different answer, how could I do so? Could I accept an offer as a comparatively unportioned girl which I refused as a rich heiress? Would it not be to give everybody the right to think that the change in my conduct was produced by the change in my fortunes? Oh! dear, dear godmamma!" cried Kate, hiding her face on Lady Farnleigh's shoulder, "I do think that I would rather be burned alive at the stake, than that he should think *that*!"

"Ah! rather than that *he* should think it! It would not so much matter about the rest of the world. Well, it may be that he may have something to say to you on that head. So I won't press you now to decide what answer you should give him, before you have heard what he may say to you," said Lady Farnleigh, quite sure now, if even she had had any doubt before, that Kate's rejection of Ellingham had been caused solely by her knowledge of the fact of her cousin's being alive, and of the consequences of that fact as regarded her future fortunes, and by her certainty that Ellingham was addressing her in ignorance of those circumstances. "And now, my dear, to change the subject," continued Lady Farnleigh, "what do you think that I heard, or rather that Mr. Mat heard, in Silverton to-day. It concerns—or at least I am entirely persuaded that it concerns—your sister Margaret; and yet I would give you a hundred guesses to guess it in!"

"What was it, godmamma—what did you and Mr. Mat hear?" said Kate, looking up with genuine alarm in her face.

"Why simply this: that a few nights ago, —the very night, it would seem, before Mr. Slowcome came up here to tell your father about your unfortunate cousin's having left

an heir,—Mr. Frederick Falconer ordered a chaise and pair from the Lindisfarn Arms to take up its station at nightfall at the back door of your uncle's garden, which opens into the Castle Head Lane. That is all, —no, by the by, not quite all,—and that the post-boy had orders to say, if anybody asked him any questions, that he was going to take Dr. Lindisfarn up to the Chase to dinner, where, Mr. Mat says, he was in no wise expected that evening. "What do you think of that, Kate?"

"Why, it looks—I am utterly amazed! But, godmamma, Margaret and Frederick Falconer had papa's consent,—and—everything; I cannot understand it. But was it —do you think? And why, if so, did nothing come of it? And Margaret—oh, it cannot be what we had in our heads, godmamma. It is impossible. There is some mistake. It is impossible!" reiterated Kate, as she remembered what had passed between Margaret and herself the day before that fixed for the suspected elopement. "And yet again," she said, as it occurred to her that it was possible that Margaret might have told Frederick the secret according to her compact, that Frederick might have felt therefore that his father would never consent to his marriage with a portionless girl, and that he might have planned an elopement to avoid his father's opposition. And it suddenly darted into her mind, that if such indeed had been the facts, Frederick Falconer must be a far more disinterested and nobler fellow than she had ever given him credit for being; and yet, almost at the same instant, there shone clear across her mind the conviction that it could not be; that Freddy Falconer was in reality Freddy Falconer, and not another; and the whole story seemed utterly unintelligible to her. "But at all events, nothing came of it," continued she, looking into Lady Farnleigh's face; "how is that to be accounted for?"

"I confess that it is all very unaccountable!" returned Lady Farnleigh; "but as for the coming to nothing of the scheme, whatever it may have been, the same gentleman calmed the storm who had raised it,—that is to say, dismissed the post-chaise. Or at least it was dismissed by the confidential clerk of the bank, Mr. Mat says."

"But that might have been old Mr. Fal-

coner's doing, you know, godmamma; old Mr. Falconer may have found it out, and put a stop to it."

"Humph!" said Lady Farnleigh. "What may have been the gentleman's motive," she added, after a pause, "either in planning such an escapade or in abandoning it, I cannot presume to guess. But what about Margaret? She of course, knew nothing, so soon as that, of the change of fortune that was hanging over her?" added her ladyship, looking shrewdly into Kate's face as she spoke. "What should we have to think of her, if it were possible to suppose that she had obtained knowledge of the facts? Of course, you had heard no word that could lead you to imagine that such a plan was in contemplation!" said Lady Farnleigh, looking into Kate's face, which was burning with the painful blushes that her companion's words respecting the possibility of Margaret's knowledge of the secret had called into it. It was a comfort to her to be able to say frankly, in reply to the last question of her godmother, that no syllable of the kind had reached her ears; and that the whole thing seemed to her so improbable and incomprehensible that she still thought there must be some mistake about it.

"Suppose," said Lady Farnleigh slowly, and looking at Kate as she was speaking,—"suppose that Margaret *had* in some way obtained a knowledge of the fatal secret, and was therefore willing to consent to an elopement, in order that the marriage might be made irrevocably before that knowledge reached other people. And suppose that it did reach the gentleman just as he was on the point of starting?"

"Good heavens, Lady Farnleigh, but that would be to suppose Margaret guilty of conduct too dreadful to be possible!—and it would make out Frederick Falconer to be a great deal worse than I have ever thought or think him."

"Well, my dear, I hope you may be right; we shall see. But as regards Margaret, Kate, which is what most interests us; does it not appear to you that the conduct which you stigmatize as too atrocious to be possible would be but the natural sequel to the accepting of an offer at all under such circumstances as those in which Margaret was placed, if indeed she had a previous knowledge of the important facts in question?"

Would not this elopement, if elopement there really were in question, have been the only means of attaining the object which a girl accepting an offer under such circumstances must have had in view?"

"But," pleaded Kate, turning very pale, and feeling deadly sick at heart, "may we not suppose—is it not possible, that is—that she might have been led into the weakness of accepting an offer made to her—that is, supposing always that Margaret could have known of the secret of Julian's being alive so far back as when the offer was made"—and Kate's conscience smote her as she spoke the words,—smote her on both sides from two different directions; both for her want of candor towards Lady Farnleigh, and for abandoning Margaret so far as even to admit the above case hypothetically; "is it not possible," she continued, avoiding her godmother's searching eyes in a manner she had never, never done before, "that Margaret might have been led into accepting his offer by the difficulty of knowing what answer to make to him; it *would* be very difficult you know, godmamma!" and Kate remembered, as she spoke, *how* difficult, how cruelly difficult, it was. "She might have been, as it were, surprised into accepting, from not being able to assign the real cause for her refusal; and without any intention of suffering the matter to go on, you know, godmamma. Might it not have been so?"

Lady Farnleigh noted in her mind Kate's hypothetical admission, and her assumption that Margaret could not have told the simple truth to her lover, forgetting that Lady Farnleigh could not have comprehended any such motive for silence, if she had not been informed of all the circumstances of the case. Lady Farnleigh, I say, noted all this and smiled inwardly at Kate's clumsy attempt and manifest incapacity for dissimulation. Lady Farnleigh felt that it might have been easy, by availing herself of these inconsistencies, to force Kate to a confession of the whole truth; but it did not suit her present purpose to do so. She was contented with obtaining light enough to enable her to perceive with very tolerable accuracy and certainty the whole of the story. It was pretty clear to her that Kate's knowledge of the facts learned in the cottage at Deepcreek had constrained her to refuse an offer which she would otherwise, to the best of Lady Farn-

leigh's judgment, have accepted; and that Margaret's knowledge of the same facts had led her to act in a precisely contradictory manner; and further that Kate was prevented from now avowing that her knowledge of her cousin's being alive dated from the time it did by her anxiety to defend and spare her sister.

And to tell the truth in all its ugly nakedness, Lady Farnleigh was by no means distressed, as she undoubtedly ought to have been, at the discovery of much that was base and bad in Margaret. Besides the six thousand pounds which she had long ago settled on Kate, Lady Farnleigh had a few other thousands over which she had entire control, and of which her own son had no need. Now what Lady Farnleigh wished to do, what it would have been a pleasure for her to do, in the unhappy mischance which had fallen upon her friends, would have been to add these thousands to the little provision she had already made for her darling goddaughter. But she had conscientiously felt that this would not have been doing the best she could for the children of her dearly loved friend, the late Mrs. Lindisfarn. She felt that it would have been under the circumstances to treat Margaret hardly. And she had determined that she would virtuously abstain from doing her own pleasure in this matter, and would do strictly that which she believed to be right. But now, if indeed Margaret had been guilty of such conduct as that which seemed to be proved against her, that would surely be a most righteous judgment which should assign to her favorite the means which would facilitate the union she (Lady Farnleigh) had set her heart on, and should declare one so unworthy to have forfeited all claim on her. And people like their own way so much, and Lady Farnleigh was so strongly addicted to following hers, that—to tell the honest truth, as I said before—it was by no means disagreeable to the self-willed lady to find that she might be justified in following her devices in this matter.

So, having from her conversation with Kate,—a conversation which she would fain have spared her goddaughter, if she could have done so, but which it was absolutely necessary for her to have, before she could judiciously say what she proposed saying to Ellingham—acquired the information, or rather the confirmation of her suspicions,

which she needed, she only replied to those last words of Kate's very lame and ineffectual pleading for her sister, by saying,—

"Well, my dear, it may have been as you say. It is possible, as far as we know at present. But we shall see. We shall know all about it before long."

"And you must think as leniently as you can, dear godmamma, of Margaret, even if it should turn out that she has acted foolishly in this matter. The circumstances in themselves, you see, are very difficult; and then you know"—and there Kate paused awhile, as not knowing very well how to put into words the ideas which were in her mind, or perhaps not having conceived them clearly,—"poor Margaret is so different,—has been brought up with such different ways of thinking, and we can hardly tell how far many matters would present themselves to her under a different aspect from what they would to our minds. I do think that great allowances ought to be made; don't you, godmamma?"

"Very true, my dear; Margaret, as you say, is very different," replied Lady Farnleigh, looking fondly at Kate, and speaking in a half-absent sort of manner, which showed that more was passing in her mind than was set forth in her words. "And, by the by, where is she, I wonder?" she continued, rousing herself from her musing; "I must speak to her about all this!"

"What, now, godmamma?" interrupted Kate, in a voice of considerable alarm.

"Don't alarm yourself, my dear, I only want to say a few words to her about the match she was about to make, and the breaking off of it. It would be unnatural for me to leave the house without doing so. Where do you think she is now?"

"Down in the drawing-room with Miss Immy, in all probability."

"I would go down to her," said Lady Farnleigh; "but I don't want to speak to her before poor dear Miss Immy, who would not hear half what was said, but would think it necessary to take part in the conversation. Could not you go down, Kate, and ask her to come up here, just for a chat, you know?"

Kate looked rather doubtful as to the task assigned to her, but went down-stairs to perform it without making any further observation. And in a few minutes she returned with her sister.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE FAIRY IN HER WICKED MOOD.

MARGARET, as it may be supposed, had not been passing happy hours since her return home on the morning after the abortive scheme of elopement. She was in truth very exceedingly miserable. Blank despair as to the future; ever-present fear of the exposure each passing hour might bring with it; a feeling of hostility against and separation from those around her, who should have been near and dear to her; a consciousness that she stood alone in the midst of that family who seemed all to feel together, to act together, and to understand each other so perfectly; and lastly, a burning and consuming rage and intensity of hatred against the false traitor, who had foiled her schemes, dashed down her hopes, and brutally and knowingly exposed her to the suffering, the mortification, the affront, the ridicule of such a catastrophe as she had undergone;—all these unruly sentiments and passions were making Margaret supremely miserable, during those days of hopelessness, and yet, in some sort, of suspense.

Lady Farnleigh's presence at the Chase had added a new source of annoyance and disquietude to all those which were tormenting her. She had an instinctive dread and dislike of Lady Farnleigh, and it seemed to her as if it were fated that the dreadful exposure which was hanging over her should be made to fall upon her by no other hand.

It may readily be imagined, therefore, that when Kate came into the drawing-room, where Miss Immy was sitting bolt upright at the table in the middle of the room, tranquilly perusing the pages of "*Clarissa Harlowe*," and Margaret was sitting on a sofa by the side of the fireplace with a book hanging listlessly from her hand, while her restless thoughts were occupied on a very different subject, and walking up close to the latter, said in a low and rather hesitating voice,—

"Margaret, dear, Lady Farnleigh is going to leave us early to-morrow morning, and she wants before going to have a chat with you;—so much has happened, you know, since she left Sillshire,—and she thought that you would like better to come up to my room, where we can be snug by ourselves, you know—will you come?"

Margaret's first impulse was to refuse the invitation. She looked up sulkily and de-

fiantly into Kate's face, as the latter stood over her, anxious and ill at ease.

"Do come, there's a dear! she is so kind," said Kate, still speaking very low, while Miss Immy remained profoundly absorbed in her well-known romance.

"Oh, very kind,—so kind,—especially to me!" sneered Margaret. And as she spoke, the spirit of defiance rose in her, and a feeling that what she dreaded must needs come, and that less of torture and suffering would arise from meeting her enemy and doing battle on the spot than from suspense and fear and the consciousness of appearing to be afraid,—a feeling very similar to that of an animal hunted till it turns at bay,—took possession of her, and she added, "Yes, I will come! It will be the sooner over."

And getting up from the sofa as she spoke, and flinging the volume in her hand on the place from which she had risen, she drew herself up slowly, and as if lazily, to her full height, and stalked haughtily and sullenly to the door.

Kate followed, not a little dismayed at these indications of her sister's state of mind, and looking forward with anything but pleasure to her share in the coming interview. It was no small relief to her, therefore, when, as she was following her sister up the stairs, the latter suddenly turned, and with lowering brow, said,—

"Lady Farnleigh is in your room, you said, I think?"

"Yes, in my room, Margaret. She is waiting for us there."

"But if I am to be lectured, I prefer that it should not be done before lookers-on. You saw her by yourself, and have made good your own story. I will see her alone, too, if I am to see her at all. I will go into my room, and she may come to me there, or, if you like to be shut out of your room for a few minutes, I will go to her there."

"To be sure, Margaret, if you wish it! You can go into my room. I will not come; I will go down-stairs to Miss Immy," said Kate, absolutely cowed and frightened by Margaret's tone, and the haughty, lowering scowl that sat upon her brow.

It was impossible that the grace and beauty of movement assured by Margaret's perfect figure and bearing should ever be absent from her. And as she entered Kate's room, with bold defiance in her large, dark, open

eyes and in the carriage of her head and neck, with sullen but haughty displeasure on her beautiful brow, there was something grandly tragic in her whole appearance, worthy of the study of a Siddons. Lady Farnleigh could not help looking at her with a glance in which a certain measure of admiration mingled with her disapproval and dislike. And Margaret, as she entered, eyed her enemy—as she was determined to, and was perhaps partly justified in, considering her—with the look with which a *torador* may be supposed to regard his adversary in the ring.

"Thank you for coming up to me, Margaret," said Lady Farnleigh; "I thought that we could have a little talk about all this untoward business more comfortably up here than in the drawing-room. Is not Kate coming?" she added, as Margaret closed the door behind her.

"No, Lady Farnleigh, she is not! I told her that if you had anything to say to me about—matters that concern me only, I chose, if I heard it at all, to hear it alone."

And the tall, slender figure, in its black silk dress, remained standing—in an attitude that might have become Juno in her wrath,—in front of Lady Farnleigh.

The latter raised her eyes to the pale, handsome, lowering face, with an expression of surprise in them, and gazed at her fixedly for a moment or two, before saying,—

"Well, perhaps you were right.—perhaps it will be better so. You spoke as if you had doubted, Margaret, whether you would consent to talk with me at all upon the events that have been happening here. It would be very reasonable that you should have such a feeling as regards any stranger—any one out of your own family—except myself. Perhaps I ought to recall to you the facts that give me a right to consider myself entitled to such exception."

"Yes, Lady Farnleigh; I should like to hear that!" replied Margaret, drily, and all but insolently.

"When your dear and admirable mother died, Margaret," returned Lady Farnleigh, after holding her hand before her eyes for a moment of thoughtfulness, "leaving you and Kate motherless infants, I promised her to act a mother's part toward you as far as should be possible. I have done so as regards your sister to the utmost of my power, with your good father's sanction and approv-

al, ever since. I have, as you well know, had no opportunity of keeping my promise to your mother as regards yourself, hitherto. But now that circumstances have brought you back among us, and more especially now that a second series of unforeseen and unfortunate occurrences have unhappily changed the brilliant prospects that were before you, it would be a great grief to me if anything—either in your conduct, or your will—should prevent me from being to you what I trust I have always been to Kate."

For an instant the latter words suggested to Margaret's mind the possibility that Lady Farnleigh meant to tell her that if she was a good girl, there should be six thousand pounds for her, also, as well as for Kate. But a moment's consideration convinced her that if Lady Farnleigh had more money to leave, it would be all for Kate; and even if she had been inclined to suppose that the chance of such a piece of good fortune was before her, her imperious temper, and the spirit of defiant rebellion which seemed to her to be her only refuge in the storms that were about to break over her, were at that moment too strongly in the ascendant, and too entirely had possession of her soul, for it to have been possible for her to suppress them, even for the sake of securing it. The utmost she could bring herself to do, was to say, with sullen majesty, and without taking a seat,—

"What was it you wished to say to me, Lady Farnleigh?"

Kate's fairy godmother, though one of the kindest and lovingest natures in existence, was not endowed with a very meek or long-enduring temper; and Margaret's sullen and evidently hostile manner and words were rapidly using up the small stock of it remaining on hand. So Lady Farnleigh replied, with more acerbity in her tone than would have been the case if that of Margaret had been less provocative,—

"I fear, Margaret, you have been acting far from—judiciously, let us say, in the matter of this match with Mr. Falconer, which is now, I am told, broken off."

"I must take leave, Lady Farnleigh, to think that I have been sufficiently well instructed in all that propriety requires of a young lady on such occasions, to make it unnecessary for me to consult the opinion of—persons whose authority I certainly should

never think of preferring to that of the dear friends who superintended my education."

"And you think those friends would have approved your recent conduct?"

"I do not see what there has been to blame in it. When addressed, in a manner which the ways of this country render permissible, by a gentleman whom I was justified in considering a good and eligible *parti*, I gave him only a conditional assent, leaving him to seek his definite answer from papa."

"Quite *en regle*, Miss Margaret! But do you think that you were justified, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, in giving that conditional assent and sending the anxious gentleman to 'ask papa' in the manner you speak of,—justified, not by the conventionalities of this or of that country, but by the laws of simple honesty and honor?"

"Simple honesty and honor, Lady Farnleigh!" cried Margaret, while the blood began to mount rapidly in her beautiful pale cheeks, and to tingle there very unpleasantly.

"Yes, Margaret, honor and honesty. Was it honorable or honest to accept such a proposal, knowing that the maker of it was under grievously erroneous impressions as to the circumstances which made you an 'eligible *parti*,' as you phrase it, in his eyes?"

"You allude—rather unfeelingly, I must say, Lady Farnleigh—to the great misfortune which has fallen upon my sister and me. But you perhaps are not aware, having been absent from Sillshire at the time, the proposal in question was made, and the reply to it, which you are pleased to criticise, given, before the facts you refer to were known," said Margaret, still doubting whether Lady Farnleigh were indeed in possession of the real facts of the case,—not seeing, indeed, any possibility by which they could have reached her,—and determined to fight her battle with a bold front to the last.

"Margaret!" said Lady Farnleigh, in reply, looking her steadily in the eyes as she spoke, "the facts I refer to were not known to Mr. Falconer, or to any one else in Silverton, at the time when he made his proposal to you; but they WERE KNOWN to you!"

Margaret almost reeled under the force of this direct and terrible blow. Her first impulse was to hide her burning face with her hands and rush out of the room; but it was

only the weakness of one moment. In the next she attempted to hurl back the accusation which she could not parry.

"Honor and honesty!" she said, with a cold, withering sneer upon her brow and lips. "With what sort of honor and honesty have I been treated? With what sort of honor and honesty has your favorite Kate and have you yourself, Lady Farnleigh, treated me? My sister runs to you with tales which, as far as there is any truth in them, she was bound in the most sacred manner and by the most solemn engagements to keep secret; and you avail yourself of your position and superior experience to worm out from her the means of injuring a friendless girl, whom you cannot forgive for having what your *protégée* never had nor never will have. Honor and honesty, indeed!"

"If you had a tenth part of your sister's honor and honesty in your heart, Margaret, it would not occur to you to suppose that she had betrayed your secret to me. She is not even aware that I know it. But it so happens that I do know that you were made acquainted with the error as to your Cousin Julian's death, and were perfectly aware of the result which that must exercise on your own position, about a month before your acceptance of Mr. Falconer's offer."

"I knew only what Kate knew also,—knew nothing, indeed, but what she told me."

"Quite true, Margaret. Kate had the same unfortunate knowledge that you had,—and you both of you used it in your own fashion."

"Used it! Why, what could I have done, I should like to know? I don't know whether the spy and informer from whom you have obtained your information, Lady Farnleigh, told you also that I was bound not to divulge the fact of my cousin's being alive,—that it was impossible for me to do so. What could I do then? I waited—how impatiently none will ever know—for the moment when it would be permitted me to tell Mr. Falconer the truth, and was compelled to content myself in the mean time with the conviction, that his motive in addressing me was not money, and that the discovery that I had it not would not change his sentiments toward me."

"And are you still supported by that con-

viction, may I ask?" said Lady Farnleigh, unable to prevent a certain amount of sneer from betraying itself in her tone.

"Of course I cannot suppose, Lady Farnleigh, that Mr. Falconer can be so base as to dream of retreating from his engagement because it turns out that I may be less richly dowered than he had imagined. It is hardly likely that, if I could have conceived him to be capable of such conduct, I could for an instant have listened to his addresses."

There was an audacity of falsehood in this speech which provoked Lady Farnleigh into pushing Margaret more hardly than it had been her intention to do when she began the conversation. She could not refrain from saying,—

"But surely, your conviction must have been somewhat shaken upon the subject, when the gentleman failed to keep his appointment at six o'clock, at your uncle's garden-gate; particularly when you remembered that that sudden change in his plans, which left you so cruelly in the lurch, took place just about the time when the news of your not being the heiress to your father's acres became known in Silverton."

"It is infamous! It is shameful!" screamed Margaret, throwing herself suddenly on the little sofa by the side of Kate's fireplace, and bursting into a flood of tears—very characteristically feeling the exposure of her having been duped and ill-treated far more keenly than the detection of her own sharp practice toward another. "You wicked, wicked woman!" she cried, "spying and setting traps for people, and then triumphing in their ill-fortune. It is too bad,—too bad. I shall die,—I shall die! I wish I may! Oh, why was I ever sent to this horrid country and this cruel house!"

And then her passionate sobbing became inarticulate, and she seemed in danger of falling into a fit of hysterics.

"I don't think you will die, Margaret," said Lady Farnleigh, it must be admitted somewhat cruelly; "but perhaps it might be better if you had your stay-lace cut. I will go and send Simmons to you."

And so the executioner of this retribution left the victim writhing, and convulsively sobbing in the extremity of her mortification, and the agony of her crushing defeat.

CHAPTER XLII.

AT THE LINDISFARN STONE ONCE MORE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the very decided conviction that Margaret's conduct richly deserved far more severe and more serious punishment than the *mauvais quart d'heure* which Lady Farnleigh had inflicted upon her, the fairy godmother, on rejoining Kate, felt rather repentant and annoyed that hers should have been the hand, or rather the tongue, to inflict even that modicum of retribution. She was evidently "out of sorts," when she went down-stairs and found Kate in the drawing-room.

"Margaret has been behaving excessively ill, my dear," she said, in answer to Kate's questioning look,—“most ungraciously and ill-temperedly to me; but that is nothing; she has been behaving most unpardonably to Mr. Falconer,—behaving in a manner amply justifying any abruptness of breaking off on his part, and you may depend upon it that he will not be remiss in availing himself of the justification. To think of her accepting the man, when she knew all about the change in her position, and knew that he did not know it!"

"Godmamma!" said Kate, aghast.

"Yes, Miss Kate. Do you think I am a fairy godmamma for nothing?"

"I cannot smile about it, godmamma," said Kate, sadly.

"In truth, my dear, it is no smiling matter. I am deeply grieved; and I am sure that your father will feel it sorely."

"But, godmamma," said Kate, timidly and hesitatingly, after a pause; "did Margaret tell you she was aware of Julian's secret at the time of the offer?"

"No, Kate, she did not," replied Lady Farnleigh, looking into Kate's face with a shrewd glance, half aggressive and half arch, "she did not tell me; but I knew all about it, for all that."

"You did not tell me that, godmamma," returned Kate, a little reproachfully; but feeling at the same time, despite her vexation at Margaret's detection, an irrepressible sensation of relief at the reflection that Lady Farnleigh, though she had not chosen to say so, must be cognizant of the fact that she, also, was in possession of the same information at the time when she had refused Ellingham.

"You know then also, I suppose," con-

tinued Kate, after a pause of some seconds, "that Margaret was not at liberty to tell Mr. Falconer the real state of the case when he proposed to her?"

"Yes, Kate, I know that too," answered Lady Farnleigh, with the same look, half affectionate and half quizzing, which her face had worn before; "and I admit that the situation was a cruelly painful and very difficult one;—or at least that it would have been so to some people."

"Margaret did not know what to do, you see, godmamma. What could she have done?"

"Refuse him, my dear!" said Lady Farnleigh, shortly.

And then there was silence between them for a long while.

Lady Farnleigh started, as she said she would, immediately after breakfast the next morning on her return to Wanstrow Manor. And at an early hour on the following—the Monday—morning Captain Ellingham arrived there, as she had expected. The station to which he had been moved from Sillmouth was on the northern coast of Sillshire, whereas the latter little port is situated on the southern side of that large county. The distance, therefore, which he had had to travel in obedience to Lady Farnleigh's behest was not a very long one. It had so happened that the exigencies of the service had permitted him to start for Wanstrow almost immediately on the receipt of her letter; and he had not lost many hours in doing so.

I hardly think that there is any necessity for relating the conversation which passed between him and Lady Farnleigh on his arrival. For the gist of it may be inferred from what subsequently happened. And it was, at all events, a short one; for it was barely twelve o'clock when he reached Lindisfarn.

Margaret had declared herself ill, as ill at ease enough she doubtless was, ever since her stormy conversation with Lady Farnleigh, and had secluded herself in her own room. The squire was busy in his study, as he had been for many more hours in the day than he was in the habit of spending within doors, ever since that ill-boding visit from Mr. Slowcome. Mr. Mat was absent for the day. He had taken a horse early in the morning, before Kate was down, and had told the servants that he should not come home till the

evening, and possibly not till the morrow. Miss Immy alone pursued the even tenor of her way, uninfluenced, though assuredly not unmindful of the misfortune that had fallen on the family. But that even tenor of her daily occupation prevented her from being ever seen in the drawing-room till after luncheon. And Kate therefore, since Lady Farnleigh's departure, had felt unusually lonely and depressed in spirits.

After having, as soon as breakfast was over on that Monday morning, vainly attempted to compel her mind to fix itself on her usual employments in her room, she gave up the fruitless struggle, and yielding to the restlessness which was upon her, strolled down into the stable to try if she could get rid of half an hour in the society of Birdie.

The stables at Lindisfarn were not placed at the back of the house, so as to be out of sight of the approaches to it, partly, probably, because there was no space there, unless it were made by the sacrifice of some of the noble old trees of the Lindisfarn woods, which just behind the house came down almost close upon it and upon the gardens; and partly, perhaps, because the Lindisfarn who had raised the handsome block of buildings which contained them was disposed to consider that department of his mansion quite as much entitled to a prominent position as any other. So it was, however, whatever the cause, that at Lindisfarn the stables stood at right angles to the front of the house, the front stable-yard (for there was a back stable-yard behind, which served for the more unsightly portions of a stable-yard's functions),—the front stable-yard was divided from the drive by which the entrance to the mansion was reached, only by a low parapet wall. There was a broad stone coping on the top of it, which made a very convenient seat for Bayard, the old hound, who was wont to lie there on sunny days, with his great black muzzle between his huge paws, meditatively, by the hour together.

It was one of the first genial mornings of spring in that southwestern country; the old hound, whose muzzle in truth was beginning to have more gray than black in it, had taken his favorite seat on the low wall in the sunshine; and Kate, leaving the stable-door open, had come out to bestow on her other playfellow a share of her attention.

She was sitting on the wall in front of the

fine old dog, and was, in fact, giving him such portion of her attention as she could command. It was but a small share, and evidently much less than old Bayard was disposed to content himself with; for he had stretched out one magnificent fore-arm and paw till it rested on Kate's lap, and he was shoving his cold nose into her hand as it rested on the edge of the coping stone, evidently bent on recalling to himself his mistress's wandering thoughts. But they were roving far away, and would not come back for all old Bayard's wistful caresses, favorite as he was.

She was sitting thus when the sound of a horse's feet, coming in a sharp canter round a curve in the road from the lodge-gate, fell on her ear and on old Bayard's at the same moment. The ground fell away very steeply from the terrace in front of the house to the lodge; and that part of the bending road which the rider was passing was hidden from the spot where Kate and Bayard were, by a large mass of very luxuriant laurustinus and Portugal laurel. Kate's first notion was that Mr. Mat was unexpectedly returning, and very hurriedly; for it was not like him to gallop his horse up to the door, and leave him steaming hot. But Bayard knew better. The hoof-falls that disturbed his reverie were, he was quite sure, the produce of no hoofs that lived in *his* stables; so he roused himself, jumped down from the wall, and uttered a short, interrogative bark. In the next instant, a horse at full gallop swept round the large mass of evergreens; and in the next after, the seaman's horsemanship of Captain Ellingham, aided by the effect of the stable-scent on his steed's organs, brought him to a stand sharply at the spot where Kate and her companion were.

The latter alone seemed to be at all inclined to practise the hospitable duties proper to the occasion. After a very short and perfunctory examination of the strange horse, Bayard at once showed his recollection of Captain Ellingham, and welcomed him to Lindisfarn. But if Kate did not turn and run, it was only because her feet seemed rooted to the spot on which she was standing.

"Captain Ellingham!" she said, and could proceed to no further greeting; for her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Miss Lindisfarn," said Ellingham, dis-

mounting, "I was anxiously debating with myself, as I rode up the hill, whether I could hope that, when a message was brought you that I was here and begging to see you, you would grant me an interview or not. Now my good fortune has secured for me the chance of at least preferring my petition in person. May I hope that, when I have found somebody in the stables to take my horse, you will allow me to speak with you for a few minutes? For that is the sole object of my coming hither; and I know it will be a potent backing of my request, when I assure you that I am here in accordance with the counsel and wishes of Lady Farnleigh."

"It is a potent backing, Captain Ellingham," said Kate, who had had time to recover herself in some degree while Ellingham was speaking; "but there is no need of any such to make me say that you are welcome at Lindisfarn."

A groom came out from the stables, and took Captain Ellingham's horse from him, as Kate spoke; and she was leading the way towards the front-door of the house, when he said,—

"Miss Lindisfarn, I shall be delighted to see all my kind friends here, *after* I have had a little conversation with you alone. It is for that purpose that I have come here, with the approval of our dear and excellent friend, Lady Farnleigh."

"If she wishes—that is, if you think; Captain Ellingham—that Lady Farnleigh would think—I am sure—if there is anything"—stammered Kate, making, for such an usually straightforward speaker, a very lame attempt at any intelligible utterance.

"When the sentence that has been pronounced on a criminal, Miss Lindisfarn, is by any good hap to be reversed," said Ellingham, coming to her assistance by taking upon himself the active share of the conversation, which he seemed somehow to be much more capable of doing satisfactorily than he had been on the last occasion of a *tête-à-tête* between him and Kate,—“when sentence upon a criminal is to be reversed, it is usual and right that the revised decision should be pronounced, as far as may be, before the audience which was present at the first. Would you object to walk with me?” he continued, meaningly, after a considerable pause,

“through the woods up to Lindisfarn brow?”

Kate shot one short, sharp, inquiring glance

at him from under her downcast eyelashes, as she said, "If you like, I will walk with you up to the brow, Captain Ellingham; but I am afraid there can be no reversal of anything that ever passed there."

"I cannot submit to have my appeal dismissed without, at least, a hearing of the grounds on which it is urged."

And then they walked on a little way side by side in silence, till Kate, feeling that the silence was acquiring a force with a geometrical rate of progression, as it continued, in that mysterious way that such silences do increase the intensity of their significance by duration, and determined therefore to break it at all hazards, said,—

"How different these woods are looking from what they were when we were last up here together! Do you remember all the traces of the recent storm?"

"Yes, indeed! and how the poor old woods had been mauled and torn. I hated these fine old woods then; but I have no spite against them now."

"Hated Lindisfarn woods? And I do so love them! Why did you hate our old woods? And what has brought you into a better frame of mind?" said Kate, more quietly than she had spoken before.

"I felt spiteful against these hills and woods, and against all the beautiful country they look down on, because all these fine Lindisfarn acres were so many ramparts and bulwarks and fortifications, all increasing the impossibility of scaling the fortress, which all my hope of happiness depended on my conquering—on which my hope still depends! But I do not hate the Lindisfarn acres any longer; for they no longer stand between me and my goal."

"Oh, Captain Ellingham!" said Kate, almost too much agitated to speak, yet dashing out in desperation to defend the Lindisfarn acres from any such maleficent influence; "You told me, you know"—

"Yes, Miss Lindisfarn, I told you that I was well persuaded that your rejection of my suit, though it was altogether unassigned to any motive, did not rest on any cause of the kind I have been alluding to. I was and am thoroughly convinced of that fact. And for that reason, Miss Lindisfarn, I should not now venture to renew my suit, if the only difference in our position toward each other were that produced by your having then been

supposed to be one of the heiresses to all this wealth, and your now not being imagined to be such any longer. Your rejection of my suit was not caused by the wide difference in our fortunes, as they were supposed to stand then; therefore I should not be justified in renewing it merely because that wide difference has disappeared."

"I am glad to know that!" said Kate, very tremblingly.

"Yes, I know that," said Ellingham, laying considerable emphasis on the verb. "And therefore I must find another excuse for daring to ask you to reconsider the decision you then gave me. Miss Lindisfarn, this is the excuse: you did not refuse me here last spring because you deemed yourself to be richly endowed, but in part, at least, because you were aware that you were not so. May I not hope that that was the real deciding reason? Is that so?" he added, after a considerable pause, during which Kate could not find courage and calmness enough to venture on a reply, although the thoughts and feelings which were making her heart beat were assuredly not of a painful nature.

"Is not that true, Kate?" he said, again, whispering the last word so low that it was barely audible.

"It is true," she whispered, tremulously, in a scarcely louder tone; "but where is the change? I was then, and am still, unpossessed of wealth."

"Where is the change! why, in this; that you knew that I then supposed I was asking a great heiress to be my wife; you could not explain to me that fact,—I know why now. *Now* we both know all about this terrible secret. *Now* that at least need be no barrier between us. *Now* there is no mistake. *Now* I am asking Kate Lindisfarn, no heiress at all, if she will bestow,—not all these beautiful woods and fields, which weighed so heavily on my heart that I hardly dared ask at all before,—but her hand, rich only with a priceless heart in it, upon a rough sailor, who has little to offer in return save as true and strong a love as ever man bore to woman."

He had got hold of her hand while speaking the last words; and she did not draw it away from him, but turned her face away from him. And he made no attempt to draw the trembling little hand he held nearer to him, but let his own follow it to where it

hung beneath her averted and drooping face. And in that position he felt a wet tear fall on the hand which held hers.

"Have you no answer for me, Kate?" he whispered again.

"I wish I could have answered before I knew anything about the change in the destination of these woods," murmured Kate, very plaintively.

"You wish that!" he cried; "then this little hand is my own." And he snatched it to his lips and covered it with kisses, as he spoke. "Dear, dearest, generous girl! But do not be selfish in your generosity, my Kate. Remember how much sweeter it must be to me to ask you for your love, when there can be no thought,—not in your noble heart, my Kate but in the suspicions of the outside world—that I am asking for aught else."

They had by this time reached the Lindisfarn stone, and were sitting side by side just where Kate had sat on the day she had refused him.

"This used to be a very favorite seat of mine; but I have never been here since," said Kate, without any previous word having been said in allusion to any former occasion of being there. But there was no need of any such explanation of her meaning; and the mysterious magnetism which so frequently and so strangely makes coincidence in the unspoken thoughts of two minds was on this occasion less inexplicable than it often is.

"But now will you henceforth take it into favor again, Kate?"

"I wish it was going to remain *ours*," said Kate, leaving Ellingham at liberty to understand the communistic possessive pronoun as referring to Kate and the members of her family, or as alluding to a closer *bi-partite* partnership, according to his pleasure.

"We will make the gray old stone ours," said Ellingham, accepting the latter interpretation, "after the fashion of poets in old times, and jolly tars in these days." And he took a pocket-knife from his pocket as he spoke. "Now then I will carve 'Kate' on the stone, and you shall cut 'Walter,' and we will put a pierced heart above them, all in due style."

"But I can't carve, especially on this hard rock," said Kate, smiling.

"Oh, I will show you how. See there is my 'Kate' in orthography very unworthy of the dear, dear word. Now you must put 'Walter' underneath it. I will help you."

And he put the knife into her hand, and proceeded without the least hurry about bringing the operation to a conclusion, to guide the taper little fingers to scratch the required letters on the stone.

"There," he said, when the word was completed; "now read it, 'Kate and Walter.' Come, sweetest, you must read it. It is a part of the ceremony."

So Kate, tremulously whispering, read "Kate and Walter," thus pronouncing for that sweet, formidable, never-to-be-forgotten first time the name which was thenceforward forever to be the dearest sound for her that human lips could form.

K. T. A.—*Kappa, tau, lambda!* three Greek letters, my dear young lady readers, the full and complete significance of which, as used to convey a compendious account of the remainder of the above-described scene, may be with perfect safety left to the explanation of your unaided intelligences, when it has been briefly mentioned that they stand for the words "and all the rest of it."

A CURIOUS question in the law of Literary Copyright has arisen. The author of "The Lamp-lighter," who has recently written "Haunted Hearts," resided for a short time in Canada during the publication of the latter work, in America and in this country. This residence in a British colony, the author considers, gives a control and right over any London republication.

Messrs. Routledge have published a cheap reprint, and Messrs. Low & Co., the American agents, have issued a "Notice," informing the booksellers "that this work is their copyright; and they therefore caution the trade against purchasing any other edition that may be offered to them." The decision of the matter excites considerable interest in Paternoster Row.

HEARTH SONG.

(From the German of Heinrich Heine.)

BY CHARLES KENDAL.

OUT of doors the storm winds whistle ;
Softly, thickly falls the snow :
Snaugly by the hearth I nestle
In the bright and cheering glow.

Pensive sit I on the settle,
Watch the smoke-wreaths as they rise ;
From the merry, bubbling kettle,
Come long-perished melodies.

By the fire the kitten, sitting,
Revels in the warmth and light ;
In the shadows, vague and fitting,
Forms fantastic meet my sight.

At my memory's portal knocking,
Come the long forgotten days,
Countless recollections flocking,
In a dazzling, glittering maze.

Lovely maids, with flashing glances,
Beckon, with seductive air ;
Harlequins, in agile dances,
Spring and glisten here and there.

Lucent marbles glimmer faintly,
Hidden in a leafy veil ;
White-haired friars, grave and saintly,
Stand within the altar-rail.

And I hear the bluebells' tinkle ;
And beneath their foliage bright,
See the fairy violets twinkle
In the moon's soft flood of light :

In the fire-caves, red and glowing,
Many an old enchanted tower ;
Many a knight, to battle going,
Rise, called up by memory's power.

With the fire's expiring glimmer,
Shadow-like they all are gone ;
Still I hear the kettle simmer,
And the sleepy kitten yawn.
—*Ladies' Companion.*

READY FOR DUTY.

BY MISS WARNER.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.
Daffy-down-dilly had heard under ground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter chains ;
Of the whistling spring winds, and the pattering rains.

"Now, then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,
"It's time I should start !"

So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her ; gray clouds overhead ;

The trees all looked dead.
Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine and the ice would not melt ?

"Cold weather !" thought Daffy, still working away ;

"The earth's hard to-day !
There's but a half-inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green

"I can't do much yet ; but I'll do what I can.
It's well I began !

For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about ;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly ! so brave and so true !

I wish all were like you !
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

A CHARACTER.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

SHE scarce can tell if she have loved or not ;
She of her heart no register has kept :
She knows but this,—that once too blest her lot
Appeared for earth ; and that ere long she wept.

Upon life's daily task without pretence
She moves ; and many love her, all revere ;
She will be full of joy when summoned hence,
Yet not unhappy seems while lingering here.

If once her breast the storms of anguish tore,
On that pure lake no weeds or scum they cast :
Time has ta'en from her much, but given her more ;
And of his gifts the best will be the last.

Her parents lie beneath the churchyard grass ;
On her own strength and foresight she is thrown,
Who, while her brothers played, too timid was
To join their sports ; and played or sighed alone.

Her heart is as a spot of hallowed ground
Filled with old tombs and sacred to the past,
Such as near villages remote is found,
Or rain-washed chancel in some woodland waste.

It once was pierced each day with some new stone,
And thronged with weeping women and sad men ;

But now it lies with grass and flowers o'ergrown,
And o'er it pipes the thrush and builds the wren.

PART VIII.—CHAPTER XXIII.

It was for about six weeks altogether that the mistress of Ramore remained Sir Thomas Frankland's guest. For half of that time Lauderdale, too, tall and gaunt and grim, strode daily over the threshold of Wodensbourne. He never broke bread, as he himself expressed it, nor made the slightest claim upon the hospitality of the stranger's house. On the contrary, he declined steadily every advance of friendship that was made to him with a curious Scotch pride, extremely natural to him, but odd to contemplate from the point of view at which the Franklands stood. They asked him to dinner or to lunch as they would have asked any other stranger who happened to come in their way; but Lauderdale was far too self-conscious to accept such overtures. He had come uninvited, an undesired, perhaps unwelcome, visitor; but not for the world would the philosopher have taken advantage of his position, as Colin's friend, to procure himself the comfort of a meal. Not if he had been starving, would he have shared Colin's dinner, or accepted the meat offered him at the luxurious table below. "Na, na! I came without asking," said Lauderdale; "when they bid me to their feasts, it's no for your sake, callant, or for my sake, but for their own sakes,—for good breeding and good manners, and not to be uncivil. To force a dinner out of civility is every bit as shabby an action as to steal it. I'm no the man to sorn on Sir Thomas for short time or long." And in pursuance of this whimsical idea of independence, Lauderdale went back every evening along the dark country lanes to the little room he had rented in the village, and subdued his reluctant Scotch appetite to the messes of bacon and beans he found there,—which was as severe a test of friendship as could have been imposed upon him. He was not accustomed to fare very sumptuously at home; but the fare of an English cottager is, if more costly, at least as distasteful to an untravelled Scotch appetite as the native porridge and broth of a Scotch peasant could be to his neighbor over the Tweed. The greasy meal filled Lauderdale with disgust; but it did not change his resolution. He lived like a Spartan on the bread which he could eat, and came back daily to his faithful tendance of the young companion who now repre-

sented to him almost all that he loved in the world. Colin grew better during these weeks. The air of home which his mother brought, with her, the familiar discussions and philosophies with which Lauderdale filled the weary time, gave him a connecting link once more with the old life. And the new life again rose before Colin, fresh and solemn and glorious. Painfully and sharply he had been delivered from his delusions,—those innocent delusions which were virtues. He began to see that, if indeed there ever was a woman in the world for whom it was worth a man's while to sacrifice his existence and individuality, Miss Matty, of all women, was not she. And after this divergence out of his true path,—after this cloud that had come over him, and which looked as though it might swallow him up, it is not to be described how beautiful his own young life looked to Colin, when it seemed to himself that he was coming back to it, and was about to enter once more upon his natural career.

"I wonder how Macdonald will get on at Baliol," he said; "of course he'll get the scholarship. It's no use regretting what cannot be helped: but when a man takes the wrong turning once in his life, do you think he can get into the right road again?" said Colin. He had scarcely spoken the words when a smile gradually stealing over his face, faint and soft like the rising of the moon, intimated to his companions that he had already answered himself. Not only so, but that the elasticity of his youth had delivered Colin from all heavier apprehensions. He was not afraid of the wrong turning he had taken. He was but playing with the question in a kind of tender wantonness. Neither his health nor his lost opportunity gave him much trouble. The tide of life had risen in his heart, and again everything seemed possible; and such being the case, he trifled pleasantly with the dead doubts which existed no longer. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," Colin said to himself, smiling over it; and the two people who were looking at him, whose hearts and whose eyes were studying every change in his face, saw that a new era had begun, and did not know whether to exchange looks of gratulation or to betake themselves to the silence and darkness to shed tears of despair over the false hope.

"When a callant goes a step astray, you mean," said Lauderdale, with a harshness in his voice which sounded contemptuous to Colin,—“goes out of his way a step to gather a flower or the like; a man that takes a wrong turn is altogether a false eemage. Everything in this world is awfu' mysterious,” said the philosopher. “I'm no clear in my mind about that wrong turning. According to some theories, there's no such thing in existence. ‘All things work togther for good.’ I would like to know what was in Paul's head when he wrote down that. No to enter into the question of inspiration, the opinion of a man like him is aye worth having; but it's an awfu' mysterious saying to me.”

“Eh, but it's true,” said the mistress; “you're no to throw any of your doubts upon Providence. I'll no say but what it's a hard struggle whiles; but if God doesna ken best,—if he's not the wisest and the kindest, I would rather, for my part, come to an end without any more ado about it. I'm no wanting to live either in earth or heaven if there's any doubts about him.”

“That's aye the way with women,” said Lauderdale, reflectively. “They've nae patience for a philosophical question. But the practical argument is no doubt awfu' powerful, and I can say nothing against it. I'm greatly of the same way o' thinking myself. Life's no worth having on less terms, but at the same time”—

“I was speaking only of the Baliol Scholarship,” said Colin, with a momentary pettishness; “you are more abstruse than ever, Lauderdale. If there should happen to be another vacancy next year, do you think I've injured myself by neglecting this one! I never felt more disposed for work,” said the young man, raising himself out of his chair. It said a great deal for his returning strength that the two anxious spectators allowed him to get up and walk to the window without offering any assistance. The evening was just falling, and Colin looked out upon a gray landscape of leafless trees and misty flats, over which the shadows gathered. He came back again with a little exclamation of impatience. “I hate these dull levels,” said the restless invalid; “the earth and the skies are silent here, and have nothing to say. Mother, why do we not go home?” He stood before her for a moment in the twilight,

looking, in his diminished bulk and apparently increased height, like a shadow of what he was. Then he threw himself back in his chair with an impatience partly assumed to conceal the weakness of which he was painfully sensible. “Let us go to-morrow,” said Colin, closing his eyes. He was in the state of weakness which feels every contradiction an injury, and already had been more ruffled in spirit than he cared to acknowledge by the diversion of the talk from his own individual concerns to a general question so large and so serious. He lay back in his chair, with his eyes closed, and those clouds of brown hair of which his mother was so proud hanging heavily over the forehead which, when it was visible, looked so pale and worn out of its glory of youth. The color of day had all gone out of the whispering, solemn twilight; and when the mistress looked at the face before her, pale, with all its outlines rigid in the gray light, and its eyes closed, it was not wonderful that a shiver went through her heart.

“That was just what I had to speak about, Colin, my man,” said Mrs. Campbell, nerving herself for the task before her. “I see no reason myself against it, for I've aye had a great confidence in native air; but your grand doctor that was brought down from London”—

“Do not say anything more. I shall not stay here, mother; it is impossible! I am throwing away my life!” cried Colin, hastily, not waiting to hear her out. “Anybody can teach this boy. As for the Franklands, I have done enough for them. They have no right to detain me. We will go to-morrow,” the young man repeated, with the petulance of his weakness; to which Mrs. Campbell did not know how to reply.

“But, Colin, my man,” said the mistress, after a pause of perplexity, “it's no that I'm meaning. Spring's aye sweet, and it's sweet aboon a' in your ain place, when ye ken every corner to look for a primrose in. I said that to the doctor, Colin; but he wasna of my opinion. A' that was in his mind was the east wind (no that there's much o' that in our country-side; but those English canna tell one airt from another) and the soft weather, and I couldna say but what it was whiles damp,” said the candid woman; “and the short and the long is, that he said you were to gang south and no north. I'm no mean-

ing him. If it wasna for your health's sake, which keeps folks anxious, it would sound ower grand to be possible," she continued, with a wistful smile, "and awfu' proud I would be to think of my laddie in Italy!"

"In Italy?" said Colin, with a cry of excitement and surprise; and then they both stopped short, and he looked in his mother's eyes, which would not meet his, and which he could see, hard as she struggled to keep them unseen, were wet and shining with tears. "People are sent to Italy to die," said the young man. "I suppose that is what the doctor thinks, and that is your opinion, my poor mother? and Lauderdale thinks so? Don't say no. No, I can see it in your eyes."

"Oh, Colin, dinna say that! dinna break my heart!" cried the mistress. "I'm telling you every word the doctor said. He said it would be better for you in future,—for your strength, and for getting free of danger in the many hard winters,—dour Scotch winters, frost, and snow, and stormy weather, and you your duty to mind night and day." She made a little pause to get her breath, and smiled upon Colin, and went on hastily, lest she should break down before all was said. "In the many hard winters that you have to look forward to—the lang life that's to come!"

"Lauderdale," said Colin, out of the darkness, "do you hear her saying what she thinks is deception and falsehood? My mother is obliged to tell me the doctor's lie; but it stumbles on her lips. That is not how she would speak of herself. She would say!"

"Callant, hold your peace," said Lauderdale. His voice was so harsh and strange that it jarred in the air, and he rose up with a sudden movement, rising like a tower into the twilight, through which the pleasant reflections from the fire sparkled and played as lightly as if the talk had been all of pleasure. "Be silent, sir!" cried Colin's friend. "How dare you say to me that any word but truth can come out of the mistress's lips? How dare ye!" But here Lauderdale himself came to a sudden pause. He went to the window, as Colin had done, and then came quickly back again. "Because we're a wee concerned and anxious about him, he thinks he may say what he likes," said the philosopher, with a strange, short laugh. "It's the way with such callants. They're kings, and give

the laws to us that ken better. You may say what you like, Colin; but you must not name anything that's no true with your mother's name."

It is strange to feel that you are going die. It is stranger still to see your friends, profoundly conscious of the awful news they have to convey, painfully making light of it, and trying to look as if they meant nothing. Colin perceived the signification of his mother's pathetic smiles, of his friend's impatience, of the vigilant watch they kept upon him. He saw that, if perhaps her love kept a desperate spark of hope alight in the mistress' heart, it was desperate, and she put no confidence in it. All this he perceived, with the rapid and sudden perception which comes at such a crisis. Perhaps for a moment the blood went back upon his heart with a suffocating sense of danger, against which he could make no stand, and of an inevitable approaching fate which he could not avoid or flee from. The next minute he laughed aloud. The sound of his laughter was strange and terrible to his companions. The mistress took her boy's hand and caressed it, and spoke to him in the soothing words of his childhood. "Colin, my man,—Colin, my bonnie man," said the mother, whose heart was breaking. She thought his laugh sounded like defiance of God,—defiance of the approaching doom; and such a fear was worse even than the dread of losing him. She kept his reluctant fingers in hers, holding him fast to the faith and the resignation of his home. As for Lauderdale, he went away out of sight, struggling with a hard sob which all his strength could not restrain; and it was in the silence of this moment that Colin's laugh, more faintly, more softly, with a playful sound that went to his heart, echoed again into the room.

"Don't hold me, mother," he said: "I could not run away from you if I would. You think I don't take my discovery as I ought to do? If it is true," said Colin, grasping his mother's hand, "you will have time enough to be miserable about me after; let us be happy as long as we can. But I don't think it is true. I have died and come alive again. I am not going to die any more just now," said Colin, with a smile which was more than his mother could bear, and his eyes so fixed upon her, that her efforts to swallow the climbing sorrow in her throat

were such as consumed her strength. But even then it was of him and not herself that she thought. "I wasna meaning,—I wasna saying," she tried to articulate in her broken voice; and then at intervals, "A' can be borne—a' can be borne—that doesna go against the will of God. Oh, Colin, my ain laddie! we maun a' die; but we must not rebel against him!" cried the mistress. A little more, and even she, though long-enduring as love could make her, must have reached the limits of her strength; but Colin, strangely enough, was noway disposed for solemnity, nor for seriousness. He was at the height of the rebound, and disposed to carry his nurses with him to that smiling mountain-top from which death and sorrow had dispersed like so many mists and clouds.

"Come to the window, and look out," said Colin: "take my arm, mother; it feels natural to have you on my arm. Look here—there are neither hills nor waters, but there are always stars about. I don't mean to be discouraged," said the young man,—he had to lean against the window to support himself; but, all the same, he supported her, keeping fast hold of the hand on his arm,—“I don't mean to be discouraged,” said Colin, “nor to let you be discouraged. I have been in the valley of the shadow of death; but I have come out again. It does not matter to me what the doctor says, or what Lauderdale says, or any other of my natural enemies. You and I, mother, know better,” he said; “I am not going to die.” The two stood at the window, looking up to the faint stars, two faces cast in the same mould,—one distraught with a struggling of hope against knowledge, against experience; the other radiant with a smile of youth. “I am not quite able to walk over the Alps, at present,” said Colin, leading the mistress back to her chair; “but for all that, let us go to Italy, since the doctor says so. And, Lauderdale, come out of the dark and light the candles, and don't talk any more nonsense. We are going to have a consultation about the ways and means. I don't know how it is to be done,” said Colin, gayly, “since we have not a penny, nor has anybody belonging to us; but still, since you say so, mother, and the doctor and Lauderdale”—

The mistress, all trembling and agitated, rose at this moment to help Lauderdale, who had come, forward without saying anything.

to do the patient's bidding. “You'll no be angry?” said Mrs. Campbell, under breath: “it's a' his spirits; he means nothing but love and kindness.” Lauderdale met her eye with a countenance almost as much disturbed as her own.

“Me angry!” said Colin's friend; “he might have my head for a football, if that would please him.” The words were said in an undertone which sounded like a suppressed growl; and as such Colin took the little clandestine exchange of confidence.

“Is he grumbling, mother?” said the object of their cares. “Never mind; he likes to grumble. Now come to the fire, both of you, and talk. They are oracles, these great doctors; they tell you what you are to do without telling you how to do it. Must I go to Italy in a balloon?” said Colin. “After all, if it were possible, it would be worth being ill for,” said the young man, with a sudden illumination in his eyes. He took the management of affairs into his own hands for the evening, and pointed out to them where they were to sit with the despotism of an invalid. “Now we look comfortable,” said Colin, “and are prepared to listen to suggestions. Lauderdale, your mind is speculative; do you begin.”

It was thus that Colin defeated the gathering dread and anguish which, even in the face of his apparent recovery, closed more and more darkly round him; and as what he did and said did not arise from any set purpose or conscious intention, but was the mere expression of instinctive feeling, it had a certain inevitable effect upon his auditors, who brightened up, in spite of themselves and their convictions, under his influence. When Colin laughed, instead of feeling inclined to sob or groan over him, even Lauderdale, after a while, cleared up, too, into a wistful smile, and as for the mistress, her boy's confidence came to her like a special revelation. She saw it was not assumed, and her heart rose. “When a young creature's appointed to be taken, the Lord gives him warning,” she said in secret; “but my Colin has nae message in himself;” and her tender soul was charmed by the visionary consolation. It was under the influence of the same exhilaration that Lauderdale spoke.

“I've given up my situation,” he said. “No but what it was a very honorable situation,

and no badly remunerated; but a man tires of anything that's aye the same day by day. I've been working hard a' my life; and it's in the nature of a man to be craving. I'm going to Eetaly for my own hand," said Lauderdale; "no on your account, callant. I've had enough of the prose, and now's the time for a bit poetry. No that I undertake to write verses, like you. If he has not me to take care of him, he'll flee into print," said the philosopher, reflectively. "It would be a terrible shock to me to see our first prizeman, the most distinguished student, as the principal himself said, coming out in a book with lines to Eetaly, and verses about vineyards and oranges. That kind of thing is a' very well for the callants at Oxford and Cambridge; but there's something more expected from one of us," said Lauderdale. "I'm going to Eetaly, as I tell you, callant, as long as there's a glimmer of something like youth left in me, to get a bit poetry into my life. You and me will take our knapsacks on our backs and go off together. I have a trifle in the bank,—a hundred pounds, or maybe mair: I couldn't say as to a shilling or twa. If I'm speculative, as you say, I'm no without a turn for the practical," he continued, with some pride; "and everything's awfu' cheap when you know how to manage. This curate callant,—he has no a great deal of sense, nor any philosophical judgment, that I can see; and as for theology, he doesna understand what it means; but he does not seem to me to be deficient in other organs," said the impartial observer, "such as the heart, for example; and he's been about the world, and understands about inns and things. Every living creature has its use in this life. I wouldna say he was good for very much in the way of direct teaching from the pulpit; but he's been awfu' instructive to me."

"And you mean me to save my life at your cost?" said Colin. "This is what I have come to,—at your cost, or at my father's, or by somebody's charity? No; I'll go home and sit in an easy-chair, like poor Hugh Carlyle; and, mother, you'll take care!"

When the sick man's fitful spirits thus yielded again, his mother was near to soothe him with a better courage. Again she held his hands, and said, "Colin, my man,—Colin, my bonnie man," with the voice of his childhood. "You'll come back hale and strong to pay a'budy back the trouble," said the

mistress, while Lauderdale proceeded unmoved, without seeming to hear what Colin said.

"They're a mystery to me, those English priests," said the meditative Scotchman. "They're not to call ignorant, in the general sense; but they're awfu' simple in their ways. To think of a man in possession of his faculties reading a verse, or maybe a chapter, out of the Bible, which is very near as mysterious as life itself to the like of me, and then discoursing about the church and the lessons appointed for this day or that. It's a grand tether, that prayer-book, though. You kind of callant, so long as he keeps by that, he's safe in a kind of a way; but he knows nothing about what's doing outside his printed walls, and when he hears suddenly a' the stir that's in the world, he loses his head altogether, and takes to 'Essays and Reviews,' and that description of literature. But he's awful instructive, as I was saying, in the article of inns and steamboats. Not to say that he's a grand Italian scholar, as far as I can understand, and reads Dante in the original. It's a wonderful thought to realize the like of that innocent reading Dante. You and me, Colin," said Lauderdale, with a sudden glow in his eyes, "will take the poets by the hand for once in our lives. What you were saying about cost was a wonderful sensible saying for yours. When the siller's done, we'll work our way home; it's a pity you have no voice to speak of, and I canna play the—guitar is't they call it?" said the philosopher, with a quaint grimace. He was contemptuous of the lighter arts, as was natural to his race and habits, and once more Colin's laugh sounded gayly through the room which, for many weeks, had known little laughter. They discussed the whole matter, half playfully, half seriously, as they sat over the fire, growing eager about it as they went on. Lauderdale's hundred pounds "or more" was the careful hoarding of years. He had saved it as poor Scotchmen are reported to save, by minute economies, unsuspected by richer men. But he was ready to spend his little fortune with the composure of a millionaire. "And myself after it, if that would make it more effectual," he said to himself, as he went back in the darkness to his little lodging in the village. Let it not be supposed, however, that any idea of self-sacrifice was in the mind of Lauderdale. On

the contrary, he contemplated this one possible magnificence of his life with a glow of sweet satisfaction and delight. He was willing to expend it all upon Colin, if not to save him, at least to please him. That was *his* pleasure, the highest gratification of which he was capable in the circumstances. He made his plans with the liberality of a prince, without thinking twice about the matter, though it was all the wealth he had in the world which he was about to lavish freely, for Colin's sake.

"I don't mean to take Lauderdale's money; but we'll arrange it somehow," said Colin; "and then for the hard winters you speak of, mother, and the labor night and day." He sent her away with a smile; but when he had closed the door of his own apartment, which now, at length, he was well enough to have to himself without the attendance of any nurse, the light went out of the young man's face. After they were both gone, he sat down and began to think; things did not look so serene, so certain, so infallible when he was alone. He began to think, What if, after all, the doctor might be right? What if it were death and not life that was written against his name? The thought brought a little thrill to Colin's heart, and then he set himself to contemplate the possibility. His faith was shadowy in details, like that of most people; his ideas about heaven had shifted and grown confused from the first vague vision of beatitude, the crowns and palms and celestial harps of childhood. What was that other existence into which, in the fulness of his youth, he might be transported ere he was aware? Then, at least, must be the solution of all the difficulties that crazed the minds of men; then, at least, nearer to God, there must be increase of faculty, elevation of soul. Colin looked it in the face, and the Unknown did not appall him; but through the silence he seemed already to hear the cry of anguish which would go up from one homely house under the unanswering skies. It had been his home all his life: what would it be to him in the event of that change, which was death, but not destruction? Must he look down from afar off,—from some cold, cruel distance,—upon the sorrow of his friends, himself being happy beyond reach, bearing no share in the burden? Or might he, according to a still harder imagination, be with them, beside them, but unable by

word or look, by breath or touch, to lift aside even for a moment the awful veil, transparent to him, but to them heavy and dark as night, which drops between the living and the dead? It was when his thoughts came to this point that Colin withdrew, faint and sick at heart, from the hopeless inquiry. He went to his rest, saying his prayers, as he said them at his mother's knee, for Jesus' sake. Heaven and earth swam in confused visions round the brain which was dizzy with the encounter of things too mysterious, too dark to be fathomed. The only thing in earth or heaven of which there seemed to be any certainty was the sole Existence which united both, in whose name Colin said his prayers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISS MATTY FRANKLAND all this time had not been without her trials. They were trials as unlike Colin's as possible, but not without some weight and poignancy of their own, such as might naturally belong to the secondary heartaches of a woman who was far from being destitute either of sense and feeling, and yet was at the same time a little woman of the world. In the first place, she was greatly aggravated that Harry, who, on the whole, seemed to be her fate, an inevitable necessity, should allow himself to be picked out of a canal at the hazard of another man's life. Harry was, on the whole, a very good fellow, and was not apt to fall into an inferior place among his equals, or show himself less manful, courageous, or fortunate than other people. But it wounded Matty's pride intensely to think that she might have to marry a man whose life had been twice saved, all the more as it was not a fault with which he could be reasonably upbraided. And then, being a woman, it was impossible for her to refrain from a little natural involuntary hero-worship of the other, who was not only the hero of these adventures, but her own chivalrous adorer to boot,—perhaps the only man in the world who had suffered his life to be seriously affected by her influence. Not only so; but at the bottom Miss Matty was fond of Colin, and looked upon him with an affectionate, caressing regard, which was not love, but might very easily bear the aspect of love by moments, especially when its object was in a position of special interest. Between these two sentiments the young lady was kept in a

state of harass and worry, disadvantageous both to her looks and her temper,—a consciousness of which reacted in its turn upon her feelings. She put it all down to Harry's score when, looking in her glass, she found herself paler than usual. "I wonder how he could be such an ass!" she said to herself at such periods, with a form of expression unsuitable for a boudoir; and then her heart would melt toward his rival. There were some moments when she felt, or imagined she felt, the thralldom of society, and uttered to herself sighs and sneers, half false and half true, about the "gilded chains," etc., which bound her to make her appearance at Sir Thomas's dinner-party, and to take an active part in the ball. All this conflict of sentiment was conscious, which made matters worse; for all the time Matty was never quite clear of the idea that she was a humbug, and even in her truest impulse of feeling kept perpetually finding herself out. If Colin had been able to appear down-stairs, her position would have been more and more embarrassing; as it was, she saw, as clearly as any one, that the intercourse which she had hitherto kept up with the tutor must absolutely come to an end now, when he had a claim so much stronger and more urgent on the gratitude of the family. And the more closely she perceived this, the more did Matty grudge the necessity of throwing aside the most graceful of all her playthings. Things might have gone on in the old way for long enough, but for this most unnecessary and perplexing accident, which was entirely Harry's fault. Now she dared not any longer play with Colin's devotion, and yet was very reluctant to give up the young worshipper, who amused and interested and affected her more than any other in her train. With this in her mind, Miss Matty, as may be supposed, was a little fitful in her spirits, and felt herself, on the whole, an injured woman. The ordinary homage of the drawing-room felt stale and unprofitable after Colin's poetic worship; and the wooing of Harry, who felt he had a right to her, and conducted himself accordingly, made the contrast all the more distinct. And in her heart, deep down beyond all impulses of vanity, there lay a woman's pity for the sufferer,—a woman's grateful but remorseful admiration for the man who had given in exchange for all her false coin a most unquestionable heart.

Matty did not suspect the change in Colin's sentiments; perhaps she could not by any effort of her understanding have realized the silent revolution which these few weeks had worked in his mind. She would have been humbled, wounded, perhaps angry, had she known of his disenchantment. But in her ignorance, a certain yearning was in the young lady's mind. She was not reconciled to give him up; she wanted to see him again,—even, so mingled were her sentiments, to try her power upon him again, though it could only be to give him pain. Altogether, the business was complicated to an incredible extent in the mind of Matty, and she had not an idea of the simple manner in which Colin had cut the knot and escaped out of all its entanglements. When the accident was discussed down-stairs, the remarks of the general company were insufferable to the girl who knew more about Colin than any one else did; and the sharpness of her criticism upon their jocular remarks confounded even Lady Frankland, whose powers of observation were not rapid. "My dear, you seem to be losing your temper," said the astonished aunt; and the idea gave Lady Frankland a little trouble. "A woman who loses her temper will never do for Harry," she said in confidence to Sir Thomas. "And poor fellow, he is very ready to take offence since this unfortunate accident. I am sure, I am quite ready to acknowledge how much we owe to Mr. Campbell; but it is very odd that nothing has ever happened to Harry except in his company," said the aggrieved mother. Sir Thomas, for his part, was more reasonable.

"A very lucky thing for Harry," said the baronet. "Nobody else would have gone into that canal after him. I can't conceive how Harry could be such a confounded ass!" Sir Thomas added, with a mortified air. "But as for Campbell, poor fellow, anything that I can do for him— By Jove, Mary, if he were to die, I should never forgive myself!"

On the whole, it will be seen that the agitations occasioned by Colin were not confined to his own chamber. As for Harry, he kept silence on the subject, but did not the less feel the inferior position in which his misfortune had left him. He was grateful so far,—that, if he could have persuaded Colin to accept any recompense, or done him any over-

whelming favor, he would have gladly given that evidence of thankfulness. But after the first shock of horror with which he heard of the tutor's danger, it is certain that the mortification of feeling that his life had been saved at the risk of another man's life produced in young Frankland anything but a friendly sentiment. To accept so vast an obligation requires an amount of generosity of which Harry was not capable. The two young men were, indeed, placed in this singular relationship to each other, without the existence of a spark of sympathy between them. Not only was the mind of the saved in a sore and resentful, rather than a grateful and affectionate, state; but even the other, from whom more magnanimity might have been expected, had absolutely no pleasure in thinking that he had saved the life of a fellow-creature. That sweet satisfaction and approval of conscience which is said to attend acts of benevolence did not make itself felt in the bosom of Colin. He was rather irritated than pleased by the consciousness of having preserved Harry Frankland from a watery grave, as the apothecary said. The entire household was possessed by sensations utterly unlike those which it ought to have felt, when, on the day succeeding his consultation with Lauderdale, Colin for the first time came down-stairs. There were still some people in the house giving full occupation to Lady Frankland's hours of hospitality, and Matty's of entertainment; but both the ladies heard in a minute or two after his appearance that Mr. Campbell had been seen going into the library. "Perhaps it would be best if you were to go and speak to him, Matty," said Lady Frankland. "There is no occasion for being too enthusiastic; but you may say that I am very much occupied, or I would have come myself to welcome him. Say anything that is proper, my dear, and I will try and induce Harry to go and shake hands, and make his acknowledgments. Men have such a horror of making a fuss," said the perplexed mother. As for Matty, she went upon her errand with eagerness and a little agitation. Colin was in the library, seated at the table beside Sir Thomas, when she went in. The light was shining full upon him, and it did not subdue the beatings of Matty's contradictory little heart to see how changed he was, and out of caves how deep the eyes looked which had taken new meanings unin-

telligible to her. She had been, in her secret heart, a little proud of understanding Colin's eyes; and it was humiliating to see the new significations which had been acquired during his sickness, and to which she had no clew. Sir Thomas was speaking when she came in; so Matty said nothing, but came and stood by him for a moment, and gave her hand to Colin. When their eyes met, they were both moved, though they were not in love with each other; and then Matty drew a chair to the other side of the table, and looked remorsefully, pitifully, tenderly, on the man whom she supposed her lover. She was surprised that he did not seek her eye, or show himself alive to all her movements, as he used to do; and at that moment, for the first time, it occurred to Matty to wonder whether the absolute possession of Colin's heart might not be worth a sacrifice. She was tired of Harry and, to tell the truth, of most other people just then. And the sight of this youth—who was younger than she was, who was so much more ignorant and less experienced than she, and who had not an idea in his head about settlements and establishments, but entertained visions of an impossible life, with incomprehensible aims and meanings in it—had a wonderfully sudden effect upon her. For that instant Matty was violently tempted,—that is to say, she took it into her consideration as actually a question worth thinking of, whether it might not be practicable to accept Colin's devotion, and push him on in the world, and make something of him. She entertained the idea all the more, strangely enough, because she saw none of the old pleadings in Colin's eyes.

"I hope you will never doubt our gratitude, Campbell," said Sir Thomas. "I understand that the doctor has said you must not remain in this climate. Of course you must spend the spring in Nice, or somewhere. It's charming scenery thereabouts. You'll get better directly you get into the air. And in summer, you know, there's no place so good as England,—you must come back here. As for expenses, you shall have a travelling allowance over your salary. Don't say anything; money can never repay"—

"As long as I was Charley's tutor," said Colin, "money was natural. Pardon me,—I can't help the change of circumstances,—there is no money bond between us now,—only kindness," said the young man, with an effort.

"You have all been very good to me since I fell ill. I come to thank you, and to say I must give up"—

"Yes, yes," said Sir Thomas; "but you can't imagine that I will let you suffer for your exertions on my son's behalf, and for the regard you have shown to my family?"

"I wish you would understand," said Colin, with vexation. "I have explained to Lady Frankland more than once. It may seem rude to say so; but there was no regard for your family involved in that act, at least. I was the only one of the party who saw that your son had gone down. I had no wish to go down after him; I can't say I had any impulse, even; but I had seen him, and I should have felt like his murderer if I had not attempted to save him. I am aware it is an ungracious thing to say; but I cannot accept praise which I don't deserve," said Colin, his weakness bringing a hot, sudden color over his face; and then he stopped short, and looked at Sir Thomas, who was perplexed by this interruption, and did not quite know how to shape his reply.

"Well, well," said the baronet; "I don't exactly understand you, and I dare say you don't understand yourself. Most people that are capable of doing a brave action give queer explanations of it. That's what you mean, I suppose. No fellow that's worth anything pretends to fine motives, and so forth. You did it because you could not help it. But that does not interfere with my gratitude. When you are ready to go, you will find a credit opened for you at my bankers, and we must see about letters of introduction and all that; and I advise you, if you're going to Italy, to begin the language at once, if you don't know it. Miss Matty used to chatter enough for six when we were there. I dare say she'd like nothing better than to teach you," said Sir Thomas. He was so much relieved by the possibility of turning over his difficult visitor upon Matty that he forgot the disadvantages of such a proposal. He got up, delighted to escape and to avoid any further remonstrance, and held out his hand to Colin. "Delighted to see you down-stairs again," said the baronet; "and I hope you'll bring your friend to dinner with you to-night. Good-by just now; I have, unfortunately, an engagement"—

"Good-by," said Colin. "I will write

to you all about it." And so the good-hearted squire went away, thinking everything was settled. After that it was very strange for the two who had been so much together to find themselves again in the same room, and alone. As for Colin, he did not well know what to say. Almost the last time he had been by Matty's side without any witnesses was the time when he concluded that it was only his life which he was throwing away for her sake. Since that time, what a wonderful change had passed over him! The idea that he had thought her smile, the glance of her eyes, worth such a costly sacrifice, annoyed Colin. But still her presence sent a little thrill through him when they were left alone together. And as for Miss Matty, there was some anxiety in her eyes as she looked at him. What did he mean? Was he taking a desperate resolution to declare his sentiments? or what other reason could there be for his unusual silence? for it never occurred to her to attribute it to its true cause.

"My uncle thinks you have consented to his plan," said Matty; "but I suppose I know what your face means better than he does. Why are you so hard upon us, I wonder? I know well enough that Harry and you never took to each other; but you used to like the rest of us,—or, at least, I thought so," said the little siren. She gave one of her pretty glances at him under her eyelashes, and Colin looked at her across the table candidly, without any disguise. Alas! he had seen her throw that same glance at various other persons, while he stood in the corner of the drawing-room observing everything; and the familiar artillery this time had no effect.

"I have the greatest respect for everybody at Wodenbourne," said Colin; "you did me only justice in thinking so. You have all been very good to me."

"I did not say anything about respect," said Miss Matty, with pouting lips. "We used to be friends, or, at least, I thought so. I never imagined we were to break off into respect so suddenly. I am sure I wish Harry had been a hundred miles away when he came to disturb us all," said the disarmed enchantress. She saw affairs were in the most critical state, and her words were so far true that she could have expressed her feelings best at the moment by an honest fit

of crying. As this was impracticable, Miss Matty tried less urgent measures. "We have caused you nothing but suffering and vexation," said the young lady, dropping her voice and fixing her eyes upon the pattern of the table-cover, which she began to trace with her finger. "I do not wonder that we have become disagreeable to you. But you should not condemn the innocent with the guilty," said Miss Matty, looking suddenly up into his eyes. A touch of agitation, the slightest possible, gave interest to the face on which Colin was looking; and perhaps all the time he had known her she had never so nearly approached being beautiful, as certainly, all the time, she had never so narrowly escaped being true. If things had been with Colin as they once were, the probability is that, moved by her emotion, the whole story of his love would have poured forth at this emergency; and, had it done so, there is a possibility that Matty, carried away by the impulse of the moment, might have awoke next morning the affianced wife of the farmer's son of Ramore. Providence, however, was kinder to the pair. Colin sat on the other side of the table, and perceived that she was putting her little delicate probe into his wound. He saw all the asides and stage directions, and looked at her with a curious, vicarious sense of shame.

Colin, indeed, in his new enlightenment, was hard upon Matty. He thought it was all because she could not give up her power over the victim, whom she intended only to torture, that she had thus taken the trouble to reopen the ended intercourse. He could no more have believed that at this moment, while he was looking at her, such a thing was possible as that Matty might have accepted his love, and pledged her life to him, than he would have believed the wildest nonsense that ever was written in a fairy tale. So the moments passed, while the ignorant mortal sat on the opposite side of the table,—which was a very fortunate thing for both parties. Nevertheless, it was with a certain sense of contempt for him, as, after all, only an ordinary blind male creature, unconscious of his opportunities, mingled with a thrill of excitement, on her own part, natural to a woman who has just escaped a great danger, that Miss Matty listened to what Colin had to say.

"There is neither guilty nor innocent that I know of," said Colin; "you have all been very kind to me. It is very good of you to take the pains to understand me. I don't mean to take advantage of Sir Thomas Frankland's kindness; but I am not such a churl as to fling it back in his teeth as if it were pride alone that made mere fuse it. It is not pride alone," said Colin, growing red, "but a sense of justice; for what I have done has been done by accident. I will write and explain to Sir Thomas what I mean."

"Write and explain?" said Matty. "You have twice said you would write. Do you mean that you are going away?"

"As soon as it is possible," said Colin; and then he perceived that he was speaking with rude distinctness. "Indeed, I have been taking advantage of your kindness too long. I have been a useless member of the household for six weeks at least. Yes, I must go away."

"You speak very calmly," said Matty. She was a little flushed, and there were tears in her eyes. If they had been real tears she would have hidden them carefully; but as they were only half real, she had no objection to let Colin see that she was concealing them. "You are very composed about it, Mr. Campbell. One would think you were going away from a place distasteful to you, or, at least, which you were totally indifferent about. I dare say that is all very right and proper; but I have a good memory, and it appears rather strange to me."

It was altogether a trying situation for Colin. If she had been able to seduce him into a little recrimination, she would have succeeded in dragging the reluctant captive back again into his toils; which, having by this time entirely recovered her senses, was all Miss Matty wanted. Her downcast, tearful eyes, the faltering in her voice, were wonderfully powerful weapons, which the young man was unable to combat by means of mere indifference. Colin, however, being a man of impulses, was never to be calculated on beforehand for any particular line of conduct; and on the present occasion, he entirely overleaped Miss Matty's bounds.

"Yes, it is strange," said Colin. "Perhaps nothing but the sight of Death, who has been staring into my eyes for some time, could have shown me the true state of affairs. I

have uttered a great deal of nonsense since I came to Wodensbourne, and you have listened to it, Miss Frankland, and perhaps rather enjoyed seeing my tortures and my delights. But nothing could come of that; and when Death hangs on behind, everything but love flies before him," said Colin. "It was pleasant sport while it lasted; but everything, except love, comes to an end."

"Except love," said Miss Matty. She was terribly piqued and mortified on the surface, and a little humble and sorrowful within. She had a sense, too, that, for one moment, at the beginning of this interview, she had almost been capable of that sentiment which Colin exalted so highly; and that, consequently, he did her injustice in speaking of it as something with which she had nothing to do. "I remember hearing you talk of that sometimes in the midst of what you call nonsense now. If you did not understand yourself, you can't expect that I should have understood you," she went on. To tell the truth, Miss Matty was very near crying. She had experienced the usual injustice of human affairs, and been punished for her vanity just at that moment when she was inclined to do better; and her heart cried out against such cruel usage. This time, however, she kept her tears quite in subjection and did not show them, but only repeated, "You could not expect that I should understand you, if you did not understand yourself."

"No; that is true at least," said Colin, with eyes that strayed beyond her, and had gone off in other regions unknown to Matty. This which had piqued her even at the height of their alliance gave her an excuse for her anger now.

"And when you go off into sentiment, I never understand you," said the young lady. "I will leave *l'incomodo*, as the Italians say. That shall be your first lesson in the language which my uncle says I am to teach you," said the baffled little witch; and she went away with a glance half-epiteful, half-wistful, which had more effect upon Colin than a world of words. He got up to open the door for her, weak as he was, and took her hand and kissed it as she went away. Then Colin took himself laboriously up-stairs, having done his day's work. And so unreasonable was the young man, that Matty's last glance filled his heart with gentler thoughts of the world in general, though he was not

in love any longer. "I was not such a fool after all," he said to himself; which was a great consolation. As for Matty, she cried heartily when she got to her room, and felt as if she had lost something. Nor did she recover until about luncheon, when some people came to call, and it was her duty to be entertaining, and relieve Lady Frankland. "I hope you said everything that was proper to Mr. Campbell, my dear," said the lady of the house when lunch was over. And so that chapter came to an end.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER this interview, it was strange to meet again the little committee up-stairs, and resume the consideration of ways and means, which Sir Thomas would have settled so summarily. Colin could not help thinking of the difference with a little amusement. He was young enough to be able to dismiss entirely the grave thoughts of the previous night, feeling in his elastic, youthful mind, as he did, something of the fresh influence of the morning, or at least,—for Colin had found out that the wind was easterly, a thing totally indifferent to him in old times,—of the sentiment of the morning, which, so long as heart and courage are unbroken, renews the thoughts and hopes. Money was a necessary evil, to Colin's thinking. So long as there happened to be enough of it for necessary purposes, he was capable of laughing at the contrast between his own utter impecuniosity and the wealth which was only important for its immediate uses. Though he was Scotch, and of a careful, money-making race, this was as yet the aspect which money bore to the young man. He laughed as he leaned back in his easy-chair.

"What Lauderdale makes up by working for years, and what we can't make up by any amount of working, Sir Thomas does with a scrape of his pen," said Colin. "Down-stairs they need to take little thought about these matters, and up here a great deal of thought serves to very little purpose. On the whole, it seems to me that it would be very good for our tempers and for our minds in general if we all had plenty of money," said the young philosopher, still laughing. He was tolerably indifferent on the subject, and able to take it easily. While he spoke, his eye lighted on his mother's face,

who was not regarding the matter by any means so lightly. Mrs. Campbell, on the contrary, was suffering under one of the greatest minor trials of a woman. She thought her son's life depended on this going to Italy, and to procure the means for it there was nothing on earth his mother would not have done. She would have undertaken joyfully the rudest and hardest labor that ever was undertaken by man. She would have put her hands, which indeed were not accustomed to work, to any kind of toil; but with this eager longing in her heart she knew at the same time that it was quite impossible for her to do anything by which she could earn those sacred and precious coins on which her boy's life depended. While Colin spoke, his mother was making painful calculations what she could save and spare, at least, if she could not earn. Colin stopped short when he looked at her; he could not laugh any longer. What was to him a matter of amused speculation was to her life or death.

"There canna but be inequalities in this world," said the mistress, her tender brows still puckered with their baffling calculations. "I'm no envious of ony grandeur, nor of taking my ease, nor of the pleasures of this life. We're awfu' happy at hame in our sma' way when a's weel with the bairns; but it's for their sakes, to get them a' that's good for them! Money's precious when it means health and life," said Mrs. Campbell, with a sigh; "and it's awfu' hard upon a woman when she can do nothing for her ain, and them in need."

"I've known it hard upon a man," said Lauderdale; "there's little difference when it comes to that. But a hundred pounds," he continued, with a delightful consciousness of power and magnificence, "is not a bad sum to begin upon; before that's done, there will be time to think of more. It's none of your business, callant, that I can see. If you'll no come with me, you must even stay behind. I've set my heart on a holiday. A man has a little good of his existence when he does nothing but earn and eat and earn again as I've been doing. I would like to take the play awhile, and feel that I'm living."

When the mistress saw how Lauderdale stretched his long limbs on his chair, and how Colin's face brightened with the look, half sympathetic, half provocative, which

usually marked the beginning of a long discussion, she went to the other end of the room for her work. It was Colin's linen which his mother was putting in order, and she was rather glad to withdraw to the other side of the room, and retire within that refuge of needlework, which is a kind of sanctuary for a woman, and in which she could pursue undisturbed her own thoughts. After a while, though these discussions were much in Mrs. Campbell's way, and she was not disinclined in general to take part in them, she lost the thread of the conversation. The voices came to her in a kind of murmur, now and then chiming in with a chance word or two with the current of her own reflections. The atmosphere which surrounded the convalescent had never felt so hopeful as to-day, and the heart of the mother swelled with a sense of restoration, a trust in God's mercy which recently had been dull and faint within her. Restoration, recovery, deliverance—Nature grows humble, tender, and sweet under these influences of heaven. The mistress's heart melted within her, repenting of all the hard thoughts she had been thinking, of all the complaints she had uttered. "It is good for me that I was afflicted," said the Psalmist; but it was not until his affliction was past that he could say so. Anguish and loss make no such confession. The heart, when it is breaking, has enough ado to refrain from accusing God of its misery, and it is only the inhumanity of human advisers that would adjure it to make spiritual merchandise out of the hopelessness of its pain.

Matters were going on thus in Colin's chamber, where he and his friend sat talking; and the mother at the other end of the room, carefully sewing on Colin's buttons, began to descend out of her heaven of thankfulness, and to be troubled with a pang of apprehension, lest her husband should not see things in the same light as she did, but might, perhaps, demur to Colin's journey as an unwarrantable expense. People at Ramore did not seek such desperate remedies for failing health. Whenever a cherished one was ill, they were content to get "the best doctors," and do everything for him that household care and pains could do; but, failing that, the invalid succumbed into the easy-chair, and when domestic cherishing would serve the purpose no longer, into a submissive grave, without dreaming of those resources

of the rich which might still have prolonged the fading life. Colin of Ramore was a kind father; but he was only a man, as the mistress recollected, and apt to come to different conclusions from an anxious and trembling mother. Possibly he might think this great expense unnecessary, not to be thought of, an injustice to his other children; and this thought disturbed her reflections terribly, as she sat behind their backs examining Colin's wardrobe. At all events, present duty prompted her to make everything sound and comfortable, that he might be ready to encounter the journey without any difficulty on that score; and absorbed in these mingled cares and labors, she was folding up carefully the garments she had done with, and laying them before her in a snowy heap upon the table, when the curate knocked softly at the door. It was rather an odd scene for the young clergyman, who grew more and more puzzled by his Scotch acquaintances the more he saw of them, not knowing how to account for their quaint mixture of homeliness and intelligence, nor whether to address them politely as equals, or familiarly as inferiors. Mrs. Campbell came forward, when he opened the door, with her cordial smile and looks as gracious as if she had been a duchess. "Come away, sir," said the farmer's wife, "we are aye real glad to see you," and then the mistress stopped short; for Henry Frankland was behind the curate, and somehow, the heir of Wodensbourne was not a favorite with Colin's mother. But her discontentment lasted but a moment. "I canna bid ye welcome, Mr. Frankland, to your own house," said the diplomatical woman; "but if it was mine, I would say I was glad to see you." That was how she got over the difficulty. But she followed the two young men toward the fire, when Colin had risen from his easy-chair. She could but judge according to her knowledge, like other people; and she was a little afraid that the man who had taken his love from him, who had hazarded health and, probably, his life, would find little favor in Colin's eyes; and to be anything but courteous to a man who came to pay her a visit, even had he been her greatest enemy, was repugnant to her barbaric-princely Scotch ideas. She followed accordingly, to be at hand and put things straight if they went wrong.

"Frankland was too late to see you to-day

when you were down-stairs; so he thought he would come up with me," said the curate, giving this graceful version of the fact that, dragged by himself and pursued by Lady Frankland, Harry had most reluctantly ascended the stair. "I am very glad indeed to hear that you were down to-day. You are looking—ah—better already," said the kind young man. As for Harry Frankland, he came forward and offered his hand, putting down at the same time on the table a pile of books with which he was loaded.

"My cousin told me you wanted to learn Italian," said Harry; "so I brought you the books. It's a very easy language, though people talk great nonsense about its being musical. It is not a bit sweeter than English. If you only go to Nice, French will answer quite well." He sat down suddenly and uncomfortably as he delivered himself of this utterance: and Colin, for his part, took up the grammar, and looked at it as if he had no other interest under the sun.

"I don't agree with Frankland there," said the curate; "everything is melodious in Italy except the churches. I know you are a keen observer, and I am sure you will be struck with the fine spirit of devotion in the people; but the churches are the most impious edifices in existence," said the Anglian, with warmth,—which was said, not because the curate was thinking of ecclesiastical art at the moment, but by way of making conversation, and conducting the interview between the saved man and his deliverer comfortably to an end.

"I think you said you had never been in Scotland?" said Lauderdale. "But we'll no enter into that question, though I would not say myself but there is a certain influence in the form of a building independent of what you may hear there,—which is one advantage you have over us in this half of the kingdom," said the critic, with an emphasis which was lost up on the company. "I'm curious to see the workings of an irrational system where it has no limit. It's an awfu' interesting subject of inquiry, and there is little doubt in my mind that a real-popular system must aye be more or less irrational."

"I beg your pardon," said the curate. "Of course, there are many errors in the Church of Rome; but I don't see that such a word as irrational"—

"It's a very good word," said Lauderdale;

"I'm not using it in a contemptuous sense. Man's an irrational being, take him at his best. I'm not saying if it's above reason or below reason, but out of reason; which makes it none the worse to me. All religion's out of reason for that matter,—which is a thing we never can be got to allow in Scotland. You understand it better in your church," said the philosopher, with a keen glance—half sarcastic, half amused—at the astonished curate, who was taken by surprise, and did not know what to say.

During this time, however, Colin and Harry were eying each other over the Italian books. "You won't find it at all difficult," said young Frankland; "if you had been staying longer, we might have helped you. I say—look here—I am much obliged to you," Harry added, suddenly: "a fellow does not know what to say in such circumstances. I am horribly vexed to think of your being ill. I'd be very glad to do as much for you as you have done for me."

"Which is simply nothing at all," said Colin, hastily; and then he became conscious of the effort the other had made. "Thank you for saying as much. I wish you could, and then nobody would think any more about it," he said, laughing; and then they regarded each other for another half-minute across the table, while Lauderdale and the curate kept on talking heresy. Then Colin suddenly held out his hand.

"It seems my fate to go away without a grudge against anybody," said the young man, "which is hard enough when one has a certain right to a grievance. Good-by. I dare say after this your path and mine will scarcely cross again."

"Good-by," said Harry Frankland, rising up—and he made a step or two to the door, but came back again, swallowing a lump in his throat. "Good-by," he repeated, holding out his hand another time.

"I hope you'll soon get well! God bless you, old fellow! I never knew you till now,"—and so disappeared very suddenly, closing the door after him with a little unconscious violence. Colin lay back in his chair with a smile on his face. The two who were talking beside him had their ears intently open to this little by-play; but they went on with their talk, and left the principal actors in this little drama alone.

"I wonder if I am going to die?" said

Colin softly to himself; and then he caught the glance of terror, almost of anger, with which his mother stopped short and looked at him, with her lips apart, as if her breathing had stopped for the moment. "Mother, dear, I have no such intention," said the young man; "only that I am leaving Wodensbourne with feelings so amicable and amiable to everybody that it looks alarming. Even Harry Frankland, you see—and this morning his cousin"—

"What about his cousin, Colin?" said the mistress, with bated breath.

Upon which Colin laughed—not harshly, or in mockery—softly, with a sound of tenderness, as if somewhere, not far off, there lay a certain fountain of tears.

"She is very pretty, mother," he said, "very sweet and kind and charming. I dare say she will be a leader of fashion, a few years hence, when she is married; and I shall have great pleasure in paying my respects to her when I go up from the Assembly in black silk stockings, with a deputation to present an address to the queen."

Mrs. Campbell never heard any more of what had been or had not been between her son and the little siren whom she herself, in the bitterness of her heart, had taken upon herself to reprove; and this was how Colin, without, as he said, a grudge against anybody, concluded the episode of Wodensbourne.

Some time, however, elapsed before it was possible for Colin and his companion to leave England. Colin of Ramore was, as his wife had imagined, slow to perceive the necessity for so expensive a proceeding. The father's alarm, by this time had come to a conclusion. The favorable bulletins which the mistress had sent from time to time by way of calming the anxiety of the family, had appeared to the farmer the natural indications of a complete recovery; and so thought Archie, who was his father's chief adviser, in the absence of the mistress of the house. "The wife's gone crazy," said big Colin. "She thinks this laddie of hers should be humored and made of as if he was Sir Thomas Frankland's son." And the farmer treated with a little carelessness his wife's assurances that a warmer climate was necessary for Colin.

"Naebody would ever have thought of such a thing, had he been at hame when the accident happened," said Archie, which was,

indeed, very true: and the father and son, who were the money-makers of the family, thought the idea altogether fantastical. The matter came to be mentioned to the minister, who was, like everybody else on the Holy Loch, interested about Colin, and, as it happened, finally reached the ears of the same professor who had urged him to compete for the Baliol scholarship. Now, it would be hard, in this age of competitive examinations, to say anything in praise of a university prize awarded by favor,—not to say that the prizes in Scotch universities are so few as to make such patronage specially invidious. Matters are differently managed nowadays, and it is to be hoped that pure merit always wins the tiny rewards which Scotch learning has at its disposal; but in Colin's day, the interest of a popular professor was worth something. The little conclave was again gathered round the fire in Colin's room at Wodensbourne, reading, with mingled feelings, a letter from Ramore, when another communication from Glasgow was put into Colin's hand. The farmer's letter had been a little impatient, and showed a household disarranged and out of temper. One of the cows was ill, and the maid-servant of the period had not proved herself equal to the emergency. "I don't want to hurry you, or to make Colin move before he is able," wrote the head of the house; "but it appears to me that he would be far more likely to recover his health and strength at home." The mistress had turned aside, apparently to look out at the window, from which was visible a white blast of rain sweeping over the dreary plain which surrounded Wodensbourne, though in reality it was to hide the gush of tears that had come to her eyes. Big Colin and his wife were what people call "a very united couple," and had kept the love of their youth wonderfully fresh in their hearts; but still there were times when the man was impatient and dull of understanding, and could not comprehend the woman, just as, perhaps, though Mrs. Campbell was not so clearly aware of that side of the question, there might be times when, on her side, the woman was equally a hinderance to the man. She looked out upon the sweeping rain, and thought of the "soft weather" on the Holy Loch, which had so depressing an effect upon herself, notwithstanding her sound health and many duties, and of the winds of March

which were approaching, and of Colin's life,—the most precious thing on earth, because the most in peril. What was she to do,—a poor woman who had nothing, who could earn nothing, who had only useless yearnings and cares of love to give her son?

While Mrs. Campbell was thus contemplating her impotence, and wringing her hands in secret over the adverse decision from home, Lauderdale was walking about the room in a state of high good-humor and content, radiant with the consciousness of that hundred pounds, "or maybe mair," with which it was to be his unshared, exclusive privilege to succor Colin. "I see no reason why we should wait longer. The mistress is wanted at home, and the east winds are coming on; and, when our siller is spent, we'll make more," said the exultant philosopher. And it was at this moment of all others that the professor's letter was put into the invalid's hands. He read it in silence, while the mistress remained at the window, concocting in her mind another appeal to her husband, and wondering in her tender heart how it was that men were so dull of comprehension and so hard to manage. "If Colin should turn ill again,"—for she dared not even think the word she meant,—"his father would never forgive himself," said the mistress to herself; and, as for Lauderdale, he had returned to the contemplation of a Continental Bradshaw, which was all the literature of which, at this crisis, Colin's friend was capable. They were both surprised when Colin rose up, flushed and excited, with this letter, which nobody had attached any importance to, in his hands. "They have given me one of the Snell scholarships," said Colin without any preface, "to travel and complete my studies. It is a hundred pounds a year; and I think, as Lauderdale says, we can start to-morrow," said the young man, who in his weakness and excitement was moved almost to tears.

"Eh, Colin, the Lord bless them!" said the mistress, sitting down suddenly in the nearest chair. She did not know who it was upon whom she was bestowing that benediction, which came from the depths of her heart; but she had to sit still after she had uttered it, blinded by two great tears that made even her son's face invisible, and with a trembling in her frame which rendered her incapable of any movement. She was incon-

sistent, like other human creatures. When she had attained to this sudden deliverance, and had thanked God for it, it instantly darted through her mind that her boy was going to leave her on a solemn and doubtful journey, now to be delayed no longer; and it was some time before she was able to get up and arrange for the last time the carefully-mended linen, which was all ready for him now. She packed it, shedding a few tears over it, and saying prayers in her tender heart for her first-born; and God only knows the difficulty with which she preserved her smile and cheerful looks, and the sinking of her heart when all her arrangements were completed. Would he ever come back again to make her glad? "You'll take awfu' care of my laddie?" she said to Lauderdale, who, for his part, was not delighted with the Snell scholarship; and that misanthrope answered, "Ay, I'll take care of him." That was all that passed between the two guardians, who knew, in their inmost hearts, that the object of their care might never come back again.

All the household of Wodensbourne turned out to wish Colin a good journey next morning when he went away; and the mistress put down the old-fashioned veil when the express was gone which carried him to London, and went home again humbly by the night-train. Fortunately there was in the same carriage with her a harassed young mother with little children, whose necessities speedily demanded the lifting-up of Mrs. Campbell's veil. And the day was clear on the Holy Loch, and all her native hills held out their arms to her, when the good woman reached her home. She was able to see the sick cows that afternoon, and her experience suggested a means of relieving the speechless creatures, which filled the house with admiration. "She may be a foolish woman about her bairns," said big Colin, who was half pleased and half angry to hear her story; but it's a different-looking house when the wife comes hame." And thus the natural sunshine came back again to the mistress's eyes.

THE rage for collecting old cookery books is very considerable just now. A former secretary of the Royal Zoological Society made a large library of such works; and the late Mr. Buckle purchased them from bookstalls and booksellers' catalogues whenever he met with any which he did not possess. Cookery, it has been said, is very closely connected with civilization. In England, as in France, the lesser cooks and housewives have, for two hundred years past, elected unto themselves a cook-monarch, generally a king, but occasionally a woman. Our stomachs are ruled by these potentates for the time being. The housekeeper swears by Mrs. Glasse in one generation, and by Mrs. Rundall in another. Dr. Kitchener, Careme, of Paris notoriety, Young, and, in later times, Miss Acton, Soyer, and the admirable Francatelli, have all exercised no small influence over the affairs of this kingdom. Very recently, a new cookery book appeared under the strange Welsh title, "Cre Fydd's Family Fare," understood to have been written by Mrs. Griffin; and now we have "The English and Australian Cookery Book," by an "Aus-

tralian Aristologist," announced. We are assured that the small work has been carefully compiled, and will contain, *multum in parvo*, the modern cookery of the mother country and the colonies, from the sensible "Roast Beef of Old England" to the Australian Kangaroo, in its various modes of being dressed; also the Hebrew preparation of different dishes. The book is interspersed with appropriate quotations and racy extracts (so as to lessen its monotony in reference), and embraces remarks on wines—English, foreign, and Australian—as well as spirits and cordials. The volume will also give an extensive list of fashionable drinks, British, American, and Colonial.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY is to have a memorial raised to him in his native town of Penzance. £1500 have already been subscribed by the inhabitants themselves; but they anticipate increasing this sum to £10,000 from other sources.